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THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER

WITH NOTES AND A MEMOIR

BY JOHN BRUCE

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VOLUME III

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CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

HYMNS.

		Page
I.	Walking with God	1
II.	Jehovah-Jireh. The Lord will provide	2
III.	Jehovah-Rophi. I am the Lord that healeth thee	3
IV.	Jehovah-Nissi. The Lord my Banner	5
V.	Jehovah Shalom. The Lord send Peace	6
VI.	Wisdom	7
VII.	Vanity of the World	8
VIII.	O Lord, I will praise thee	9
IX.	The contrite Heart	10
X.	The future Peace and Glory of the Church	11
XI.	Jehovah our Righteousness	12
XII.	Ephraim repenting	13
XIII.	The Covenant	14
XIV.	Jehovah-Shammah. The Lord is there	15
XV.	Praise for the Fountain opened	16
XVI.	The Sower	17
XVII.	The House of Prayer	18
XVIII.	Lovest thou me?	19
XIX.	Contentment	20
XX.	Old Testament Gospel	22
XXI.	Sardis	23
XXII.	Prayer for a Blessing	24
XXIII.	Pleading for and with Youth	25
XXIV.	Prayer for Children	26
XXV.	Jehovah Jesus	27
XXVI.	On opening a Place for social Prayer	28
XXVII.	Welcome to the Table	29
XXVIII.	Jesus hasting to Suffer	30
XXIX.	Exhortation to Prayer	31

Page

XXX. The Light and Glory of the Word 32
XXXI. On the Death of a Minister 33
XXXII. The shining Light 34
XXXIII. The waiting Soul 35
XXXIV. Seeking the Beloved 36
XXXV. Light shining out of Darkness 38
XXXVI. Welcome Cross 39
XXXVII. Afflictions sanctified by the Word . . . 40
XXXVIII. Temptation 41
XXXIX. Looking upwards in a Storm 42
XL. The Valley of the Shadow of Death . . . 43
XLI. Peace after a Storm 44
XLII. Mourning and Longing 45
XLIII. Self-Acquaintance 46
XLIV. Prayer for Patience 47
XLV. Submission 48
XLVI. The happy Change 49
XLVII. Retirement 50
XLVIII. The hidden Life 51
XLIX. Joy and Peace in Believing 52
L. True Pleasures 54
LI. The Christian 55
LII. Lively Hope and gracious Fear 56
LIII. For the Poor 57
LIV. My Soul thirsteth for God 58
LV. Love constraining to obedience 59
LVI. The Heart healed and changed by Mercy . . 60
LVII. Hatred of Sin 61
LVIII. The New Convert 62
LIX. True and False Comforts 63
LX. A living and a dead Faith 64
LXI. Abuse of the Gospel 65
LXII. The narrow Way 66
LXIII. Dependance 67
LXIV. Not of Works 68
LXV. Praise for Faith 69
LXVI. Grace and Providence 70
LXVII. I will praise the Lord at all times 71
Longing to be with Christ 72

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION.

The Nativity 74
God neither known nor loved by the World 80
The Swallow 82
The Triumph of Heavenly Love desired 83

Page

A figurative Description of the Procedure of Divine Love 84
A Child of God longing to see him beloved 87
Aspirations of the Soul after God 89
Gratitude and Love to God 90
Happy Solitude—Unhappy Men 91
Living Water 92
Truth and Divine Love rejected by the World . . . 93
Divine Justice amiable 94
The Soul that loves God finds him everywhere . . . 95
The Testimony of Divine Adoption 97
Divine Love endures no Rival 98
Self-diffidence 100
The Acquiescence of pure Love 101
Repose in God 102
Glory to God alone 103
Self-Love and Truth incompatible 105
The Love of God, the End of Life 106
Love faithful in the Absence of the Beloved . . . 107
Love pure and fervent 107
The entire Surrender 108
The perfect Sacrifice 109
God hides his People 110
The Secrets of Divine Love are to be kept 112
The Vicissitudes experienced in the Christian Life . 117
Watching unto God in the Night Season 122
On the same 123
On the same 126
The Joy of the Cross 128
Joy in Martyrdom 130
Simple Trust 131
The necessity of Self-abasement 132
Love increased by Suffering 134
Scenes favourable to Meditation 136

COMPLIMENTARY PIECES ADDRESSED TO MILTON.

By John Baptist Manso 140
By John Salsillo 141
By Selvaggi 141
By Antonio Francini 142
By Carlo Dati 145

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS OF MILTON.

Elegy I. To Charles Diodati 147
Elegy II. On the Death of the University Bedel at Cambridge 151

Page

Elegy III. On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester 152
Elegy IV. To his Tutor Thomas Young 155
Elegy V. On the Approach of Spring 159
Elegy VI. To Charles Diodati 164
Elegy VII. 167
Epigrams. On the Inventor of Guns 171
To Leonora singing at Rome 171
To the same 172
The Cottager and his Landlord. A Fable 172
To Christina, Queen of Sweden 173
On the Death of the Vice-Chancellor, a Physician . 174
On the Death of the Bishop of Ely 176
Nature unimpaired by Time 178
On the Platonic Idea as it was understood by Aristotle 181
To his Father 183
To Salsillus, a Roman Poet, much indisposed . . . 188
To Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa . . 190
On the Death of Damon 194
An Ode, addressed to Mr. John Rous, Librarian of the University of Oxford 205

Sonnet—" Fair Lady! whose harmonious name" . . 209
Sonnet—" As on a hill-top rude, when closing day" . 210
Canzone—" They mock my toil, the nymphs and" . 210
Sonnet—To Charles Diodati 211
Sonnet—" Lady! it cannot be but that thine eyes" . 212
Sonnet—" Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign ground" 213

Translation of a simile in Paradise Lost 214
Translation of Dryden's Epigram on Milton . . . 214

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

The Thracian 215
Reciprocal Kindness the Primary Law of Nature . . 216
A Manual more ancient than the Art of Printing . . 217
An Enigma—" A needle, small as small can be" . . 220
Sparrows self-domesticated in Trinity Coll. Cambridge 221
Familiarity dangerous 222
Invitation to the Redbreast 223
Strada's Nightingale 224
Ode on the Death of a Lady, who lived 100 Years . 225
The Cause won 227
The Silkworm 227
The Innocent Thief 229
Denner's Old Woman 230

Page
The Tears of a Painter 231
The Maze 232
No Sorrow peculiar to the Sufferer 233
The Snail 234
The Cantab 235

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

The Spartan Mother, by Julianus 236
On the same, by Palladas 236
An Epitaph 237
Another 237
Another 238
Another 238
On Melanippus and his sister, by Callimachus . . . 238
On Miltiades 239
On an Infant 239
On Artemias, by Heraclides 239
On the Reed 240
To Health 240
On the Astrologers 241
On an Old Woman 241
On Invalids 241
On Flatterers 242
To the Swallow 242
On late acquired Wealth 243
On a True Friend 243
On a Bath, by Plato 243
On a Fowler, by Isiodorus 244
On Niobe 244
On a good Man 244
On a Miser 245
Another 245
Another 246
On Female Inconstancy 246
On the Grasshopper 247
On Hermocratia 248
What wealth cannot buy, from Menander 248
On Pallas Bathing, from a Hymn of Callimachus . . 249
On a Flattering Mirror; to Demosthenes 250
On a similar Character 250
On an ugly Fellow 251
On a Battered Beauty 251
On a Thief 251
On Pedigree, from Epicharmus 252
On Envy 252

Page
On Immoderate Grief, by Philemon 253
On the Teaching of Cupid, by Moschus 254

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

On one ignorant and arrogant 255
Prudent Simplicity 255
To a Friend in Distress 255
Self-Knowledge 256
Retaliation 256
Sunset and Sunrise 256

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.

Lepus multis amicus 257
Avarus et Plutus 259
Papilio et Limax 261

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

Æneid, Book VIII, Line 16 262
The Salad 275

TRANSLATION FROM OVID.

Trist. Lib. V. Eleg. XII. 281

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

Lib. I. Ode IX. 283
Lib. I. Ode XXXVIII. 284
Another translation of the same 285
Lib. II. Ode XVI. 285
Journey from Rome to Brundusium 287
Description of an impertinent 294

EARLY POEMS.

Of himself 300
In a letter to C. P., Esq., ill with the rheumatism . 302
The like, in imitation of Shakespeare 302
Psalm CXXXVII. 303
Song; "No more shall hapless Celia's ears" . . . 304
Written in a Quarrel 306
An Apology for not showing her what I had wrote . 307
Apology to Delia for desiring a lock of her hair . . 308
Pleasures of reconciliation after Lovers' Quarrels . . 309
His Misery during Delia's absence 310
Written after leaving her at New Burns 311
On her endeavouring to conceal her grief at parting . 313

Page
The symptoms of Love 314
An attempt at the manner of Waller 315
Despair at his exile from Delia 316
On the picture of a sleeping child, from the Latin of Vincent Bourne 318
R. S. S. 318
Written in a fit of illness 320
The certainty of Death 321
Appeal to Delia for forgiveness 322
To Delia; his happiness depends on her favour . . 324
Upon a venerable Rival 325
An Ode upon reading Mr. Richardson's History of Sir Charles Grandison 326
A Song; "The sparkling eye, the mantling cheek" . 328
The like; "On the green margin of the brook" . . 329
To Delia. 1755 330
Ode supposed to be written on the marriage of a friend 332

MINOR POEMS.

Verses written at Bath on finding the heel of a shoe . 334
Lines addressed to his cousin Harriet on her remonstrating with him on his melancholy 336
An Ode, *secundum artem* 337
Lines written during a period of insanity 340
The like, during the author's second period of insanity 341
To Sir Joshua Reynolds 342
A Tale founded on a fact which happened in Jan. 1779 344
Translation of monumental inscription to Wm. Northcot 346
In seditionem horrendam 346
Translation of the preceding 347
To the Rev. Mr. Newton on his return from Ramsgate 347
Love abused 348
A Card 349
Fish too dear to be sent to Olney 350
Epistle to Mrs. Newton 351
A simile Latinised 352
Translation of Verses to the memory of Dr. Pierson Lloyd 353
Another translation of the same 354
From a letter to the Rev. Mr. Newton 355
The Colubriad 357
To the Rev. William Bull 359
To Lady Austen, in rainy weather 361
Lines sent with two cockscombs to Miss Green . . 362
Song. On Peace 363
Another Song on the same subject 364

Page
The Distressed Travellers 365
On the Shortness of Human Life 368
To the Immortal Memory of a Halibut 369
Epitaph on Dr. Johnson 370
On the Author of Letters on Literature 371
To Miss Creuzé on her Birthday 372
Lines composed for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper . 373
Sweet Meat has sour Sauce 374
The Cockfighter's Garland 376
Lines after the manner of Homer, on opening a hamper 380
On the benefit received by His Majesty from Sea-bathing 381
To Mrs. Throckmorton on her transcript of an Ode of Horace 382
Inscription for a stone erected at the sowing of a grove of oaks 383
The like, on another similar occasion 384
To Mrs. King, on her present of a Patchwork Counterpane 384
Translation of an Epigram of Homer 386
Stanzas on liberties taken with the remains of Milton 387
Epigram on refusal of the University of Oxford to subscribe to the Author's Homer 389
Epitaph on Mrs. M. Higgins 389
A Riddle 390
Lines on a blunder in his translation of the Iliad . . 391
Epitaph on a free but tame Redbreast 391
Sonnet addressed to William Hayley, Esq. 393
Epitaph on a Pointer of Sir John Throckmorton . . 393
To the Nightingale heard on New Year's Day . . . 394
Lines written in an Album of Miss Patty More . . 396
Lines on a late theft 396
Sonnet to William Wilberforce, Esq. 397
To Warren Hastings, Esq. 398
Epigram printed in the Northampton Mercury . . 399
To Dr. Austin 399
Catherina; the Second Part 400
On Abbott's portrait of the Author 402
Epitaph on Fop 402
Sonnet to George Romney, Esq. 403
Thanks for a Gift of Pheasants 404
On receiving Hayley's picture 404
On a plant of Virgin's Bower designed to cover a garden seat 405
Epitaph on Mr. Chester of Chicheley 406
To my Cousin Ann Bodham on receiving from her a network purse 406

Page
Inscription for a Hermitage 407
To Mrs. Unwin 407
To John Johnson, on his presenting a Bust of Homer 408
Inscribed on a Bust of Homer 409
To a young Friend, on his arriving at Cambridge wet, when no rain had fallen there 409
To Hayley, in a time of great Heat 410
The like, on his solicitation to unite with him in a literary work 410
Inscription for an expensively built garden shed . . 411
Epigram on the same 411
Answer to Stanzas of Miss Catherine Fanshawe . . 412
On Flaxman's Penelope 413
To the Spanish Admiral Count Gravina 413
Inscription for a Moss House at Weston 414
Motto for a clock 414
To Mary 415
On receiving Heyne's Virgil from Hayley 417
Lines written on a window shutter on quitting Weston 418
Montes Glaciales in Oceano Germanico natantes . . 419
Translation of the preceding 421
The Castaway 423

HYMNS.

I. WALKING WITH GOD. *Gen.* v. 24.*

O H! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!

* Some account of the composition and publication of the Olney Hymns has been already given in our Memoir of the Poet. They were first published in a 12mo volume bearing the following title: "Olney Hymns, in three Books. Book I. On Select Texts of Scripture. Book II. On occasional subjects. Book III. On the Progress and Changes of the Spiritual Life. [Mottoes from Virgil, Ecl. x. 31; Rev. xiv. 3; and 2 Cor. vi. 10.] London, 1779." The contributions of Cowper were indicated by a C. prefixed to the title of the hymn. This hymn is No. 3 of Book I. of the Olney collection, and occurs at p. 4 of the first edition.

But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

II. JEHOVAH-JIREH. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Gen. xxii. 14.*

THE saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found: he raised the knife;
God saw, and said, "Forbear!
"Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
"Behold the victim there."

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 6, p. 7.

Once David seemed Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;*
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;†
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blessed proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.

III. JEHOVAH-ROPHI. I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE. *Exod.* xv. 26.‡

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 27. † Jonah i. 17.
‡ Ed. 1779, Book i. No. 14, p. 19.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,*
"Oh! help my unbelief!"

She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,†
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

* Mark ix. 24. † Mark v. 34.

IV. JEHOVAH-NISSI. THE LORD MY BANNER.

Exod. xvii. 15.*

BY whom was David taught
To aim the deadly blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

'Twas Israel's God and king
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invaders' camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?†
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord!"
My soul hath quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 17, p. 22.
† Judges vii. 16-20.

But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

V. JEHOVAH-SHALOM. THE LORD SEND PEACE.

Judges vi. 24.*

JESUS, whose blood so freely streamed
To satisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeemed,
Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have formed the plan,
Or who fulfil it, but a God?

No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserved the whole;
No arrows dipped in wrath to pierce
The guilty but returning soul.

Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hoped to see?
Peace by his injured Sovereign wrought,
His Sovereign fastened to the tree.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 22, p. 29.

Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the soul that hates his sins.

Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

VI. WISDOM. *Prov.* viii. 22-31.*

RE God had built the mountains,
" Or raised the fruitful hills;
" Before he filled the fountains
" That feed the running rills;
" In me, from everlasting,
" The wonderful I AM,
" Found pleasures never wasting,
" And Wisdom is my name.

" When, like a tent to dwell in,
" He spread the skies abroad,
" And swathed about the swelling
" Of Ocean's mighty flood;
" He wrought by weight and measure,
" And I was with him then:
" Myself the Father's pleasure,
" And mine, the sons of men."

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 52, p. 66.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
And nailed thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

VII. VANITY OF THE WORLD.*

OD gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vainglorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 55, p. 70.

The joy that vain amusements give,
  Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
  Defended by a thousand stings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
  That live upon her treacherous smiles:
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
  And ruins all whom she beguiles.

God knows the thousands who go down
  From pleasure into endless woe;
And, with a long despairing groan,
  Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

O fearful thought! be timely wise;
  Delight but in a Saviour's charms,
And God shall take you to the skies,
  Embraced in everlasting arms.

VIII. O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE.

Isaiah xii. 1.*

I WILL praise thee every day
Now thine anger's turned away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 58, p. 73.

Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

IX. THE CONTRITE HEART. *Isaiah* lvii. 15.*

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 64, p. 81.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew!"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

X. THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH. *Isaiah* lx. 15-20.*

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
"Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
"Fair abodes I build for you;
"Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
"Shall no more perplex your ways:
"You shall name your walls, Salvation,
"And your gates shall all be praise.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 65, p. 82.

" There, like streams that feed the garden,
" Pleasures without end shall flow;
" For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
" All his bounty shall bestow;
" Still in undisturbed possession
" Peace and righteousness shall reign;
" Never shall you feel oppression,
" Hear the voice of war again.

" Ye no more your suns descending,
" Waning moons no more shall see;
" But, your griefs for ever ending,
" Find eternal noon in me:
" God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
" Change to day the gloom of night;
" He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
" God your everlasting light."

XI. JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. *Jer.* xxiii. 6.*

MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what Thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 67, p. 84.

Divine desire, that holy flame
  Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
  When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
  How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
  Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress
  Of fancied merit shine,
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
  The Lord for ever mine.

XII. EPHRAIM REPENTING. *Jer.* xxxi. 18-20.*

MY God, till I received thy stroke,
  How like a beast was I!
So unaccustomed to the yoke,
  So backward to comply.

With grief my just reproach I bear,
  Shame fills me at the thought;
How frequent my rebellions were!
  What wickedness I wrought!

Thy merciful restraint I scorned,
  And left the pleasant road;

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 68, p. 85.

Yet turn me, and I shall be turned,
Thou art the Lord my God.

" Is Ephraim banished from my thoughts,
" Or vile in my esteem?"
" No," saith the Lord, " with all his faults,
" I still remember him."

" Is he a dear and pleasant child?"
" Yes, dear and pleasant still;
" Though sin his foolish heart beguiled,
" And he withstood my will.

" My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
" He seeks my face again;
" My pity kindles at his woe,
" He shall not seek in vain."

XIII. THE COVENANT. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 25-28.*

THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
" Behold, I change your hearts of stone;
" Each shall renounce his idol-god,
" And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

" My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
" To wash your filthiness away;
" Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
" And learn my statutes to obey.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No 71, p. 88.

" My truth the great design ensures,
" I give myself away to you;
" You shall be mine, I will be yours,
" Your God unalterably true.

" Yet not unsought, or unimplored,
" The plenteous grace shall I confer; *
" No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
" I'll put a praying spirit there.

" From the first breath of life divine,
" Down to the last expiring hour,
" The gracious work shall all be mine,
" Begun and ended in my power."

XIV. JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH. THE LORD IS THERE.

Ezek. xlviii. 35.†

AS birds their infant brood protect,‡
" And spread their wings to shelter them,"
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
" So will I guard Jerusalem."

And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

* Ezek. xxxvi. 37. † Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 72, p. 89.
‡ Isaiah xxxi. 5.

Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

There, though besieged on every side,
Yet much beloved and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is called, "The Lord is there,"
And who has power to drive him thence?

XV. PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Zec. xiii. 1.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 79, p. 98.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

XVI. THE SOWER. *Matt.* xiii. 3.*

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground;†
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 85, p. 105.
† Jerem. iv. 3, Hosea x. 12.

The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to baulk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep wrought furrows yield!

Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

XVII. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. *Mark* xi. 17.*

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 96, p. 119.

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There, too, a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the World maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease, and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh! for the joy thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abased, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

XVIII. LOVEST THOU ME? *John* xxi. 16.*

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 118, p. 146.

" I delivered thee when bound,
" And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
" Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
" Turned thy darkness into light.

" Can a woman's tender care
" Cease towards the child she bare?
" Yes, she may forgetful be,
" Yet will I remember thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
" Higher than the heights above;
" Deeper than the depths beneath,
" Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
" When the work of grace is done,
" Partner of my throne shalt be:—
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
Oh! for grace to love thee more!

XIX. CONTENTMENT. *Phil.* iv. 11.*

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 131, p. 162.

In vain by reason and by rule
  We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
  Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
  His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
  I cast on him my care.

" Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
  " Then how canst thou complain?
" How light thy troubles here, if weighed
  " With everlasting pain!

" If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,
  " Compare thy griefs with mine;
" Think what my love for thee endured,
  " And thou wilt not repine.

" 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
  " And I do all things well;
" Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
  " And rise with me to dwell.

" In life my grace shall strength supply,
  " Proportioned to thy day;
" At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
  " To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
  In vain repinings spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
  Have learned to be content.

XX. OLD TESTAMENT GOSPEL. *Heb.* iv. 2.*

SRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the Gospel to
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,†
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,‡
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head §
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

* Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 132, p. 164.
† Exod. xii. 13. ‡ Lev. xii 6.
§ Lev. xvi. 21.

Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;*
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
Oh! grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

XXI. SARDIS. *Rev.* iii. 1-6.†

"WRITE to Sardis," saith the Lord,
"And write what He declares,
"He whose Spirit, and whose Word,
"Upholds the seven stars:
"All thy works and ways I search,
"Find thy zeal and love decayed;
"Thou art called a living church,
"But thou art cold and dead.

"Watch, remember, seek, and strive,
"Exert thy former pains;
"Let thy timely care revive,
"And strengthen what remains;

* Lev. xiv. 51-53.
† Ed. 1779, Book I. No. 138, p. 171.

" Cleanse thine heart, thy works amend,
" Former times to mind recall,
" Lest my sudden stroke descend,
" And smite thee once for all.

" Yet I number now in thee
" A few that are upright;
" These my Father's face shall see,
" And walk with me in white.
" When in judgment I appear,
" They for mine shall be confessed;
" Let my faithful servants hear,
" And woe be to the rest."

XXII. PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.*

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, Oh! hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 8, p. 190. This and the two following hymns were written to be sung before annual sermons to young people preached on New Year's evening.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
  Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
  Would rob you of your rest.

For you the public prayer is made,
  Oh! join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
  Oh! shed yourselves a tear!

We pray that you may early prove
  The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
  That Jesus whom we preach.

XXIII. PLEADING FOR AND WITH YOUTH.*

IN has undone our wretched race,
  But Jesus has restored,
And brought the sinner face to face
  With his forgiving Lord.

This we repeat, from year to year,
  And press upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
  Lord, save them by thy truth.

Blessings upon the rising race!
  Make this a happy hour,

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 11, p. 193.

According to thy richest grace,
And thine Almighty power.

We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget
To pour out prayer for you.

We see, though you perceive it not,
The approaching awful doom;
Oh! tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry in every careless ear,
"Prepare to meet Thy God!"

XXIV. PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.*

GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threatened to withhold;†
Then thy messenger said, "No;
"Let the children also go."

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 12, p. 194.
† Exod. x. 9-11.

When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;*
Then thy people's doors he passed,
Where the bloody sign was placed;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of Kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Lest the ravenous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

XXV. JEHOVAH JESUS.†

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The Great Supreme, the Mighty God.

Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

* Exod. xii. 12.
† Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 38, p. 227.

As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Filled all the morning stars with joy.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

XXVI. ON OPENING A PLACE FOR SOCIAL PRAYER.*

ESUS! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 44, p. 234. We have noticed in our Memoir of the poet (vol. i. p. lxix.) the circumstances under which this hymn was composed.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humblest mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord! we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

XXVII. WELCOME TO THE TABLE.†

THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

* Isaiah liv. 2.
† Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 53, p. 246.

Oh! bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

XXVIII. JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.*

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 55, p. 248.

He longs to be baptized with blood,*
He pants to reach the cross!

With all his sufferings full in view;
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.

Lord! we return thee what we can:
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God!

And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

XXIX. EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.†

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

* Luke xii. 50.
† Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 60, p. 253.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.*

Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

XXX. THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.†

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

* Exod. xvii. 11.
† Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 62, p. 255.

The hand that gave it still supplies
  The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
  They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
  For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
  With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
  The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
  In brighter worlds above.

XXXI. ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.*

HIS master taken from his head,
  Elisha saw him go;
And in desponding accents said,
  "Ah, what must Israel do?"

But he forgot the Lord who lifts
  The beggar to the throne;
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
  Would soon be made his own.

What! when a Paul has run his course,
  Or when Apollos dies,

* Ed. 1779, Book II. No. 73, p. 269.

Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

XXXII. THE SHINING LIGHT.*

MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly!
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 8, p. 319.

Forerunner of the sun,*
It marks the Pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

XXXIII. THE WAITING SOUL.†

BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord!
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth!

I wish thou knowest to be resigned,
And wait with patient hope,

* Psalm cxxx. 6.

† A mistake has existed with respect to this hymn. Upon the supposition that it was not indicated by the initial "C." in Newton's original edition of 1779, it has been thought that it was not Cowper's, although Southey gave it a place as Cowper's "on the authority of Mrs. Johnson, the widow of his excellent kinsman" (Works, viii. 80). Mrs. Johnson was quite right, for the hymn really was marked "C." in the original edition, Book III. No. 10, p. 322. How the "C." came to be omitted, as it was, from No. 10, in subsequent editions of the Olney Hymns, is difficult to be accounted for. The tradition of the family respecting Cowper's ownership, preserved by Mrs. Johnson, would seem to indicate that the omission was not an unacknowledged correction of a mistake, but simply a blunder—one of many which have been made in reference to this very subject of placing the "C," in reprinting the Olney Hymns.

But hope delayed fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee,
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door.

There, till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find him there.

XXXIV. SEEKING THE BELOVED.*

O those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear?

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 13, p. 325.

Though once a man of grief and shame,
  Yet now he fills a throne,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
  That earth or heaven has known.

Grace flies before, and Love attends
  His steps where'er he goes;
Though none can see him but his friends,
  And they were once his foes.

He speaks—obedient to his call
  Our warm affections move:
Did he but shine alike on all,
  Then all alike would love.

Then Love in every heart would reign,
  And War would cease to roar;
And cruel and bloodthirsty men
  Would thirst for blood no more.

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
  Oh! may he shine on you!
And tell him, when you see his face,
  I long to see him too.*

* Cant. v. 8.

XXXV. LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.*

OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 15, p. 328. Mr. Greatheed alluded to the composition of this hymn in the following manner, in his sermon preached on Cowper's death. After stating that the poet had "conceived some presentiment" of his second attack of lunacy, "as it drew near," he adds, "during a solitary walk in the fields" he composed this hymn, "so expressive of that faith and hope which he retained as long as he possessed himself;" a statement very different from the tradition which has been founded upon it, and to which we have alluded in our Memoir.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,*
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXVI. WELCOME CROSS.†

IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

* John xiii. 7.
† Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 16, p. 329.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way:
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway.
Bastards may escape the rod,*
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

XXXVII. AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD.†

HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,‡
And straight I turned unto my God.

* Hebrews xii. 8.
† Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 17, p. 330.
‡ Psalm cxix. 71.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I blessed thine hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

XXXVIII. TEMPTATION.*

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm,
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves,—say, "Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 18, p. 331.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

XXXIX. LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.*

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,†
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain!

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 19, p. 332.
† Psalm lxix. 15.

But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,*
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

XL. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.†

MY soul is sad, and much dismayed,
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

See, from the ever burning lake,
How like a smoky cloud they rise!
With horrid blasts my soul they shake,
With storms of blasphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,†
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;

* Psalm xl. 17.
† Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 20, p. 333.
‡ Ephes. vi. 16.

Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
Oh! I would drive it from my breast,
With thy own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west.

Come, then, and chase the cruel host,
Heal the deep wounds I have received!
Nor let the powers of darkness boast,
That I am foiled, and thou art grieved!

XLI. PEACE AFTER A STORM.*

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 23, p. 336.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
  But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
  Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord! one look from thee
  Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
  And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
  As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
  Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

XLII. MOURNING AND LONGING.*

THE Saviour hides his face!
  My spirit thirsts to prove
Renewed supplies of pardoning grace,
  And never-fading love.

The favoured souls who know
  What glories shine in him,
Pant for his presence as the roe
  Pants for the living stream!

What trifles tease me now!
They swarm like summer flies,

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 24, p. 337.

They cleave to every thing I do,
And swim before my eyes.

How dull the Sabbath day,
Without the Sabbath's Lord!
How toilsome then to sing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

Of all the truths I hear,
How few delight my taste!
I glean a berry here and there,
But mourn the vintage past.

Yet let me (as I ought)
Still hope to be supplied;
No pleasure else is worth a thought,
Nor shall I be denied.

Though I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care,
The Lord will my desire perform,
And grant me all my prayer.

XLIII. SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.*

DEAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 26, p. 341.

There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
  Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
  To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe
  To purchase life from thee;
And discontent would fain prescribe
  How thou shalt deal with me.

While unbelief withstands thy grace,
  And puts the [thy?] mercy by;
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
  Says, "Give me, or I die."

How eager are my thoughts to roam
  In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
  How heavily they move!

Oh! cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
  Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy beloved abode,
  And let me rove no more.

XLIV. PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.*

LORD, who hast suffered all for me,
  My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
  Help me with patience to endure.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 28, p. 343.

The storm of loud repining hush,
I would in humble silence mourn;
Why should the unburnt, though burning bush,
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

Man should not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joshua falling on his face,*
When the cursed thing that Achan took
Brought Israel into just disgrace.

Perhaps some golden wedge suppressed,
Some secret sin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mocked, crowned with thorns, and spit upon;
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine,
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembering thine.

XLV. SUBMISSION.†

LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

* Joshua vii. 10, 11.
† Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 29, p. 344.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

XLVI.—THE HAPPY CHANGE.*

OW blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The dayspring from on high!

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 44, p. 363.

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.*

The soul a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,

Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

XLVII. RETIREMENT.†

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

* Isaiah xxxv. 7.
† Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 45, p. 364.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

XLVIII. THE HIDDEN LIFE.*

TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask!

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 47, p. 366.

My labouring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare;
Like precious wines their taste they lose,
Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear,
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

XLIX. JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 48, p. 367.

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow* 15
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither† 25
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice; 30
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

* Matthew vi. 34. † Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

L. TRUE PLEASURES.*

LORD, my soul with pleasure springs
When Jesus' name I hear;
And when God the Spirit brings
The word of promise near:
Beauties too, in holiness,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can express
The joys thy precepts give.

Clothed in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee!
Pleasant too, to sit and tell
What we owe to love divine;
Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And eyes begin to shine.

Those the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase,
All his ways are pleasantness,†
And all his paths are peace.
Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
Henceforth let me ever slight;
For I love his easy yoke,‡
And find his burthen light.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 49, p. 369.
† Prov. iii. 17. ‡ Matt. xi. 30.

LI. THE CHRISTIAN.*

ONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of Kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal Love!

My soul is ravished at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 50, p. 370.

LII. LIVELY HOPE AND GRACIOUS FEAR.*

WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.

The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain
As far as faith can see.

How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh! save me, lest I fall!

Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No 51, p. 371.

LIII. FOR THE POOR.*

HEN Hagar found the bottle spent,
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a well.†

Should not Elijah's cake and cruse‡
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?

His saints and servants shall be fed,
The promise is secure;
"Bread shall be given them," as he said,
"Their water shall be sure."§

Repasts far richer they shall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
Though in the meanest fare.

To Jesus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor and he is King,
You shall not be forgot.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No, 57, p. 378.
† Gen. xxi. 19. ‡ 1 Kings xvii. 14. § Is. xxxiii. 16.

LIV. MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.*

THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 61, p. 383.

LV. LOVE CONSTRAINING TO OBEDIENCE.*

NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright:
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress;
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

"What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

To see the Law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 62, p. 384.

LVI. THE HEART HEALED AND CHANGED BY MERCY.*

IN enslaved me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
"Where," said I, in deep distress,
"Will these sinful pleasures end?
"How shall I secure my peace,
"And make the Lord my friend?"

Friends and ministers said much
The gospel to enforce;
But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watched, and strove,
Scarce would show my face abroad,
Feared almost to speak or move,
A stranger still to God.

Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway;
By a simple word he spoke,
"Thy sins are done away."

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 63, p. 385.

LVII. HATRED OF SIN.*

OLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

But, oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as He is
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 64, p. 386.

LVIII. THE NEW CONVERT.*

THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learned to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day:
What seemed his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

When Gideon armed his numerous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, "Lest Israel vainly boast,†.
"My arm procured me this success."

Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That saved by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 68, p. 390.
† Judges vii. 2.

LIX. TRUE AND FALSE COMFORTS.*

GOD! whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives.

Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who, with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepared by Satan's art.

Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

Lulled in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice;
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 69, p. 391.

LX. A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH.*

THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will a soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates bordered round,†
The need of holiness expressed,
And called for fruit as well as sound.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free!

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 71, p. 393.
† Exod. xxviii. 33.

LXI. ABUSE OF THE GOSPEL.*

OO many, Lord, abuse thy grace
In this licentious day;
And while they boast they see thy face,
They turn their own away.

Thy book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded still the more.

The pardon such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
Oh! where's the Spirit's seal?

Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled?
Is this the grace the saints imbibe
From Christ the living head?

Ah, Lord, we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heavenly fare;
But these; the wretched husks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

The liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at Wisdom's door,
Till Mercy calls us in.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 72, p. 394.

LXII. THE NARROW WAY.*

HAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleased with a journey to the sky.

No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust;
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 73, p. 395.

LXIII. DEPENDANCE.*

O keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

Beware of Peter's word,†
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But, "Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of Kings‡
Than all your works beside.

In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 74, p. 396.
† Matthew xxvi. 33. ‡ John vi. 29.

LXIV. NOT OF WORKS.*

RACE, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone;
Come and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idle works away.
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vainglorious worm!)
Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his powers;
Jesus is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim:
But when God the Judge shall come,
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!

Still the boasting heart replies,
What! the worthy and the wise,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not these a righteousness?
Banish every vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Perish everything in man,
But the grace that never can.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 75, p. 397.

LXV. PRAISE FOR FAITH.*

F all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than my Redeemer's blood.

Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distempered eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What misery we endure!
Yet fly that hand from which alone
We could expect a cure.

We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes him precious too.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 80, p. 403.

LXVI. GRACE AND PROVIDENCE *

LMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourished by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 81, p. 404.

LXVII. I WILL PRAISE THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.*

INTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snowdrop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans!

Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

What! has Autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise;
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.

Evening with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shows an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

* Ed. 1779, Book III. No. 83, p. 407.

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.*

O Jesus, the Crown of my Hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
O bear me, ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline;

* Hayley published these lines in 1803, with a statement that they had been lately sent to him by Dr. John Johnson, having been then recently discovered "by a faithful servant of the poet, in an old book of domestic accounts." Hayley published only four stanzas; other editors have given still fewer, and have properly entitled the composition, as they published it, "Fragment of a Hymn." Mr. Grimshawe printed the whole (Works, viii. 161), as we have given it, under the heading which we have followed.

Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose;

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for thy wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain,
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour! to thee.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION.

THE NATIVITY.*

THIS Folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of Nature, dressed by Art,
Enchant no longer this indifferent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep-rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
The abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,

* First published from Cowper's manuscript by Mr. Bull, in a volume entitled, "Poems translated from the French of Madame de la Mothe Guion by the late William Cowper, Esq., Author of 'The Task:' to which are added some original poems of Mr. Cowper, not inserted in his Works. Newport-Pagnel, 1801," 12mo, pp. 132. This poem is printed at p. 1.

Vainly the sun in all its power invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound,
Whose verdure lives while Winter scowls around;
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer;
Meads crowned with flowers; streams musical and clear,
Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrowed plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain;
All, all have lost the charms they once possessed:
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast;
From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with sounding force,
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course!
Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and, ye waves, whose heads,
Curled into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads!
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shattered sails;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strewed around
With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drowned!

Ye fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves;
Swift-darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes!
Had I but faith immoveable and true,

I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:
The world, a more disturbed and boisterous sea,
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.
  Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light!
Thou moon, whose car, encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wondering eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter sun
Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
Behold him where he shines! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasured, measure all our days;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quickening heat,
And all he cheers are fruitful, fair, and sweet.
  Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas! but miss the rose:
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires;
In vain they represent his matchless might,
Who called them out of deep primeval night;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe:
I seek the Giver of the charms they show:
Nor, him beside, throughout the world He made,
Lives there in whom I trust for cure or aid.
  Infinite God, thou great unrivalled ONE!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems!
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move;

In thee alone dwells all that I can love;
All darkness flies when Thou art pleased to appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year;
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace,
The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of thee;
Even I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.
Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man—
Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,
Diffused throughout the infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, cluding our most active powers;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart.
Repeat the charming truth, that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires;
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as He is, knows how to stoop to me—
Lo! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
"Heaven, Earth, and Sea, exist!"—and they obeyed.
Even He whose being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose!
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
That crib contains the Lord, whom I adore;
And earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,
I dwell secure beneath his sheltering power,
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight, is here.
I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
Tied helpless down the Thunder-bearer's hands!
And in this shed that mystery discern,
Which Faith and Love, and they alone, can learn.
Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whispered sweets afford!
Confess the God that guides the rolling year;
Heaven, do him homage; and thou, Earth, revere!
Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Faith and Love;
Join in his praise, the harmonious world above;
To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in his repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows!
Man, busy man, alas, can ill afford
To obey the summons, and attend the Lord;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glittering shows of pomp and wealth beguiled;
And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.
Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;
There soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that infant God, from whom it came;
Resist not, quench not, that divine desire,

Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!
Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love!
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove;
And every heart beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but himself alone:
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came:
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are thine.
Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.
Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of my glory shall be built;
My self-disdain shall be the unshaken base,
And my deformity its fairest grace;
For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my description still.
And do I grieve at such an humbling lot?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
I have no wish, no memory for you;
The more I feel my misery, I adore
The sacred inmate of my soul the more;
Rich in his Love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having naught beside.
In thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
My wanderings prove thy wisdom infinite;
All that I have I give thee; and then see
All contrarieties unite in thee;
For thou hast joined them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,

By filling with thy grace and love divine
A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.
This is, indeed, to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies!
I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
An aching heart, that throbs to thank thee more;
The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy tossed,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.*

E Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against his empire now:
I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
Their base desires, well satisfied, obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 9.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more;
Your fellowship, ye warblers! suits me best:
Pure Love has lost its price, though prized of yore,
Profaned by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who formed you for his praise alone,
Beholds his purpose well fulfilled in you;
Come, let us join the choir before his throne,
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true!

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring Love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine?
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! Can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze:
Eternal Love a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed—
In her embrace, death, only death, is found:
Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound!

Oh! I would cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone:

Let his unequalled excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own!

They hear me not—alas! how fond to rove
In endless chase of Folly's specious lure!
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
I taste the sweets of Truth—here only am secure.

THE SWALLOW.*

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 12.

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment prayer;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode),
To bask every moment in infinite Love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the dayspring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.*

AH! reign, wherever man is found,
My Spouse, beloved and divine!
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When every human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not thine own:
Ah! be adored from pole to pole;
Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 14.

All hearts are cold, in every place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE,

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION AND ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.*

'TWAS my purpose, on a day,
To embark, and sail away;
As I climbed the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide;
"Come," he said,—"ascend—make haste,
"Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They that rowed us held their eyes
Fixed upon the starry skies;
Others steered, or turned the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night,
Ship and skies were out of sight;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 15.

On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn?
Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more?
No—" My soul," I cried, " be still;
" If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hastened to convey
Both my frail supports away;
Seized my rushes; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves:
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
And I saw him turn and laugh:
" Friend," he cried, " adieu! lie low,
" While the wintry storms shall blow;
" When the spring has calmed the main,
" You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his plumes, and soar away;
Now I mark his rapid flight;
Now he leaves my aching sight;
He is gone whom I adore,
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled then and feared,
When my love had disappeared!

" Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
" Whelmed beneath the rolling tide?"
Vain attempt to reach his ear!
Love was gone, and would not hear.

" Ah! return, and love me still;
" See me subject to thy will;
" Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
" Only let me see thy face!
" Evil I have none to fear,
" All is good, if thou art near."

Yet He leaves me—cruel fate!
Leaves me in my lost estate—
" Have I sinned? Oh, say wherein;
" Tell me, and forgive my sin;
" King, and Lord, whom I adore,
" Shall I see thy face no more?

" Be not angry; I resign,
" Henceforth, all my will to thine:
" I consent that thou depart,
" Though thine absence breaks my heart;
" Go, then, and for ever too;
" All is right that thou wilt do."

This was just what Love intended,
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love returned to me and smiled;
Never strife shall more betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.*

THERE'S not an Echo round me,
But I am glad should learn,
How pure a fire has found me,—
The Love with which I burn.
For none attends with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my fame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate his name.
I speak to them of sadness,
And comforts at a stand;
They bid me look for gladness,
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
I heard a happy sound;
Big with the consolation,
That I have often found;
I said "My lot is sorrow,
"My grief has no alloy;"
The rocks replied—"To-morrow,
"To-morrow brings thee joy."

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 19.

These sweet and secret tidings,
What bliss it is to hear!
For, spite of all my chidings,
My weakness, and my fear,
No sooner I receive them,
Than I forget my pain,
And, happy to believe them,
I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
Where never men resort;
For in an age so frantic
Impiety is sport.
The riot and confusion
They barter things above;
Condemning, as delusion,
The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequestered corner,
None hears what I express;
Delivered from the scorner,
What peace do I possess!
Beneath the boughs reclining
Or roving o'er the wild,
I live as undesigning
And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprise me,
I innocently play,
While Providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day:
My dear and kind defender
Preserves me safely here,
From men of pomp and splendour,
Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.*

Y Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires,
Who knowest what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet;
Because 'tis assigned me by thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh finish what Love has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze:
'Tis all that is left to me now.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 23.

O glory, in which I am lost,
  Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of deity tossed,
  I am swallowed, I sink into naught.
Yet, lost and absorbed as I seem,
  I chant to the praise of my King;
And, though overwhelmed by the theme,
  Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.*

LL are indebted much to thee,
  But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
  And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily, with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel,
  No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
  'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee Love for Love?

Spirit of Charity, dispense
  Thy grace to every heart;
Expel all other spirits thence,
  Drive Self from every part;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 25.

Charity divine, draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we lie!

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of Liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

O blessedness, all bliss above,
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love;
All other lessons fail:
We learn its name, but not its powers,
Experience only makes it ours.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.*

MY heart is easy, and my burthen light;
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope within my soul abound;
And, while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceived, I share.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 27.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O Thou Sovereign Good!
Thou art not loved, because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honour are adored;
While thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word;
Pass, unconcerned, a Saviour's sorrows by;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

LIVING WATER.*

THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 28.

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY THE WORLD.*

LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will;
And, more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench, with reasonings vain,
While Error and Deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your power the same
As his on high, from whence you came,
Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The World is proud, and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share;
The praise of men the mark they mean,
They fly the place where ye are seen;
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay;
Come Shame, come Sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One soul, at least,† shall not repine,
To give you room; come, reign in mine!

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 29.
† Last, Ed. 1801; least, Ed. 1802.

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.*

THOU hast no lightnings, O Thou Just!
Or I their force should know;
And if Thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease
Than it adores thy ways,
In thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise.

Pleased I could lie, concealed and lost,
In shades of central night;
Not to avoid thy wrath, thou knowest,
But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O Thou whom I provoke!
And I will love thee still:
The well-deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to sustain
The worst Thou canst devise:
And dare I seek thy throne again,
And meet thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, Thou art kind;
And, in my saddest hours,

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 31.

An unction of thy grace I find,
Pervading all my powers.

Alas! Thou sparest me yet again;
And, when thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou soothest me with thy Love.

I have no punishment to fear;
But, ah! that smile from thee
Imparts a pang far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.*

THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 33.

I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppressed by pride,
I feel thee good—feel naught beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to his embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love Divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.*

OW happy are the new-born race;
Partakers of adopting grace;
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And Conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came;
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace:
And, strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling place.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 35.

O messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
  Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand, to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
  No task but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides;
The centre where all bliss resides,
  To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
  Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
  Divested of its woes;
There sovereign Goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
  In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.*

LOVE is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform;
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love! all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppressed by slavish fear no more;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 38.

For one in whom I may discern,
Even when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves him who complains,
And finds him rigorous and severe;
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumbering mind;
And he has never tasted Love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously designed.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamoured with thy smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just that God should not be dear,
Where Self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is loved, the Lord is not.

The Love of thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing Self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let Self-love be dispossessed;
The Love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.*

OURCE of love, and light of day,
Tear me from myself away;
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine;
Teach, oh teach, this faithless heart,
A consistent, constant part;
Or, if it must live to grow
More rebellious, break it now!

Is it thus that I requite
Grace and Goodness infinite?
Every trace of every boon,
Cancelled and erased so soon!
Can I grieve thee, whom I love;
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

Oh! the oppressive, irksome weight
Felt in an uncertain state;
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue!
Still I choose thee, follow still
Every notice of thy will;
But, unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 40.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought
I could serve thee as I ought,
Win thee, and deserve to feel
All the Love thou canst reveal;
Trusting Self, a bruised reed,
Is to be deceived indeed:
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold turn all to dross!

Self is earthly—Faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own;
Faith relinquished, how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price;
And, preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.*

LOVE! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires:
Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
The time is long that I have languished here;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 42.

61173

Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone,
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases thee.

That we should bear the cross is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to Self no more;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleased when shipwrecked as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.*

BLEST! who, far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heaven a gentle strain
Whispering Love, and loves again.

Blest! who, free from Self-esteem,
Dives into the Great Supreme,
All desire besides discards,
Joys inferior none regards.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 44.

Blest! who in thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in thee, thou King of kings!

Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire;
Favour my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.*

H loved! but not enough—though dearer far
Than Self and its most loved enjoyments are;
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know;
Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
Man in the post of honour—thee behind.

Reason exclaims—"Let every creature fall,
"Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all;"
And Faith, o'erwhelmed with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 45.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the Only Wise.

Oh lost in vanity, till once self-known!
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone;
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know his place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and Without End!
When wilt Thou melt the mountains and descend?
When wilt Thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms Thou hast made, thy praise?

Thy Glory is the sweetest heaven I feel;
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy Love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make thy glory their supreme delight;
Forbid it, fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise!

My soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteemed or great;
To take the impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what He loves, and let his pleasure please;
Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crowned him, and he reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.*

FROM thorny wilds a monster came,
That filled my soul with fear and shame;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Drooped at the sight, and fell to earth;
When thus a sage addressed mine ear,
Himself unconscious of a fear.
"Whence all this terror and surprise,
"Distracted looks, and streaming eyes?
"Far from the world and its affairs,
"The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
"Surrender, without guile or art,
"To God, an undivided heart;
"The savage form, so feared before,
"Shall scare your trembling soul no more;
"For loathsome as the sight may be,
"'Tis but the Love of Self you see.
"Fix all your Love on God alone,
"Choose but his will, and hate your own:
"No fear shall in your path be found,
"The dreary waste shall bloom around,
"And you, through all your happy days,
"Shall bless his name, and sing his praise."
O lovely solitude, how sweet
The silence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 48.

The simple, unadorned display
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth! whom millions proudly slight;
O Truth! my treasure and delight;*
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart from which it came!

THE LOVE OF GOD, THE END OF LIFE.†

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in Love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what Thou art pleased to grant.

Our days are numbered, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days;
Ours to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only business here,
Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days, thy servants see!
Spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

* This line was added in the Edition of 1802, p. 49.
† Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 50.

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF THE BELOVED.*

N vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
Ye pleasant bowers, remote from strife and noise;
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
Breathed forth in happier days, are irksome now:
Denied that smile 'twas once my heaven to see,
Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
And though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
I have no cause—an object all divine
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.†

EALOUS, and with Love o'erflowing,
God demands a fervent heart;
Grace and bounty still bestowing,
Calls us to a grateful part.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 51.
† Ibid., p. 52.

Oh, then, with supreme affection
His paternal will regard!
If it cost us some dejection,
Every sigh has its reward.

Perfect Love has power to soften
Cares that might our peace destroy,
Nay, does more—transforms them often,
Changing sorrow into joy.

Sovereign Love appoints the measure,
And the number of our pains;
And is pleased when we find pleasure
In the trials He ordains.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.*

PEACE has unveiled her smiling face,
And wooes thy soul to her embrace,
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly Love, else sought in vain;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine;
And peace shall be for ever thine:
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 53.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.*

I PLACE an offering at thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine adored decree,
That blessing be denied;
Resigned, and unreluctant, see
My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down!
Thy will in every state I love,
And even in thy frown.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 54.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.*

O lay the soul that loves him low,
Becomes the Only-Wise:
To hide, beneath a veil of woe,
The children of the skies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great;
Though feeble, would seem strong;
Assumes an independent state,
By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abased,
The haughty creature proves!
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm he loves.

Scorned by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in its sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
Humility and shame!
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name!

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 55.

But will not scandal mar the good
That I might else perform?
And can God work it, if he would,
By so despised a worm?

Ah, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of his word,
And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown;
And generous hearts with joy confess
The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts;
Thy faith and hope employ,
To welcome all that he allots,
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On his eternal right;
And he shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee his delight.

THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.*

UN! stay thy course, this moment stay—
Suspend the o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a Love as mine,
Ah! hide the mystery divine;
Lest man, who deems my glory shame,
Should learn the secret of my flame.

O Night! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse;
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye Stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul,
That darts her fires beyond the Pole;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace, the night,

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 58.

That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives of a sacred Love.

Thou Moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears;
Tell him, I seek him, far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent Hours!
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers;
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The Love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes, and caverns rude,
I taste the sweets of solitude;
Retired, indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a Spouse unknown,
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprise.

Embowering Shades, and Dens profound!
Where Echo rolls the voice around;
Mountains! whose elevated heads,
A moist and misty veil o'erspreads;
Disclose a solitary Bride
To him I love—to none beside.

Ye Rills! that, murmuring all the way,
Among the polished pebbles stray;
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wanderer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my loved retreat.

Enamelled meads, and Hillocks green,
And Streams that water all the scene!
Ye Torrents, loud in distant ears!
Ye Fountains, that receive my tears!
Ah! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge I trust with none but you.

If, when my pain and grief increase,
I seem to enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport and pleasure make
Of torment suffered for his sake.

Ye Meads and Groves, unconscious things!
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs;
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The source from which my sorrows flow:
The dear sole Cause of all I feel,—
He knows, and understands them well.

Ye Deserts! where the wild beasts rove,
Scenes sacred to my hours of love;
Ye Forests! in whose shades I stray,
Benighted under burning day!
Ah! whisper not how blest am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye Lambs! who sport beneath these shades,
And bound along the mossy glades;
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am near:
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
Whom ye should dread as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That Love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finned Nations, that abide
In seas, as fathomless as wide;
And, unsuspicious of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there:
Poor sportive fools! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan!

Away! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet line;
Trust me, the vast leviathan
Is merciful, compared with man;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures;
I pant for liberty like yours;
I long for that immense profound,
That knows no bottom and no bound;
Lost in infinity, to prove
The incomprehensible of Love.

Ye Birds! that lessen as ye fly,
And vanish in the distant sky;
To whom yon airy waste belongs,
Resounding with your cheerful songs;
Haste to escape from human sight;
Fear less the vulture and the kite.

How blest and how secure am I,
When quitting earth, I soar on high;
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere!
Whence falling, within human view,
I am ensnared, and caught like you.

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins;
Compassionate the numerous woes,
I dare not, even to thee, disclose;
Oh! save me from the cruel hands
Of men, who fear not thy commands!

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart, disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone;
Cherish a Bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner Love!

THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

I SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood,
Anxiety increasing every hour;
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
And naught remains of all my former power.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where;
My happy hours, like shadows, passed away;
Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys, and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears?
O Thou, whom once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal thy love, and banish all my fears!

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 65.

Alas! He flies me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead;
Woe such as mine, despised, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life, is vain indeed.

Pierced with a thousand wounds, I yet survive;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires;
And, while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to lose its less tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already there,
My life extinguished, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promised—this the Love,
The unchanging Love, so sworn in better days?
Ah! dangerous glories! shown me, but to prove
How lovely Thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them? had I still remained
Untaught, still ignorant how fair Thou art,
My humbler wishes I had soon obtained,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Deprived of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then, I cry, the pangs that I sustain?
Dubious and uninformed, my soul inquires,
Ought she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suffering, I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enlivening flame;
As chance inclines me, unconcerned I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there,
But burns with zeal that hated Self may fall;
Such is the sad disquietude I share,
A sea of doubts, and Self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die;
And, if thine hand accomplish not my cure,
I would not purchase, with a single sigh,
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release;
Am sick, and know not the distempered part;
Am just as void of purpose as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light within me, or without me, shows;
Once I had faith, but now in self-despair
Find my chief cordial, and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing; she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise;
Feels an indifference she abhors, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,—
Yet is it real, and no sickly dream;
'Tis Love inflicts it; though to feel that flame
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a chaos wide and vast,
And dark as Hell, is opened in the soul;
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears control.

Then tell me why these ages of delay?
O Love! all excellent, once more appear;
Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear!

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure;
Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
He flies, he reappears, and wounds again—
Was ever heart that loved thee treated so?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,
Thou didst distinguish, and vouchsafe to choose,
Before thy laws were written in my mind,
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views?

Now leave me? when enamoured, of thy laws,
I make thy glory my supreme delight;
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caused the change which I deplore?
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
So given to thee, that it is not my own;
A willing captive of thy grace divine;
And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare;
Pleasure and wealth, in its esteem, are dust;
It loves thee, even when least inclined to spare
It's tenderest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own; my spirit is so too,
An undivided offering at thy shrine;
It seeks thy glory with no double view,
Thy glory with no secret bent to mine.

Love, Holy Love! and art thou not severe,
To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fixed?
Mine is an everlasting ardour, clear
From all self-bias, generous and unmixed.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceived;
Not even my faith is from suspicion free,
And, that I love, seems not to be believed.

Live Thou, and reign for ever, Glorious Lord!
My last, least offering, I present thee now—
Renounce me, leave me, and be still adored!
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT SEASON.*

LEEP at last has fled these eyes,
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God as soon as sought is found;
And the flame of Love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
Checks the current of my joys;
Creatures press me with a throng,
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturbed I muse all night,
On the first Eternal Fair;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to Love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur—
Comes the night and sets me free,

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 72.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
My enjoyments, always new:
Leave me to possess my friend;
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
To the taste of pure delights;
Oh! the pleasures I partake—
God, the partner of my nights!

David, for the self-same cause,
Night preferred to busy day:
Hearts whom heavenly beauty draws
Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, self-lovers, is for you—
Souls that love celestial know,
Fairer scenes by night can view
Than the sun could ever show.

ON THE SAME.*

SEASON of my purest pleasure,
Sealer of observing eyes!
When, in larger, freer measure,
I can commune with the skies;
While, beneath thy shade extended,
Weary man forgets his woes;
I, my daily trouble ended,
Find, in watching, my repose.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 74.

Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hushed in slumber sweet,
No rude noise mine ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet:
Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive song or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
Shines and burns without restraint;
Which the day's fatigue and folly
Cause to languish, dim and faint:
Charming hours of relaxation!
How I dread the ascending sun!
Surely, idle conversation
Is an evil, matched by none.

Worldly prate and babble hurt me;
Unintelligible prove;
Neither teach me nor divert me;
I have ears for none but Love.
Me they rude esteem, and foolish,
Hearing my absurd replies;
I have neither art's fine polish,
Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
By conversing with the great,
Have a mind and taste, ill suited
To their dignity and state;

All their talking, reading, writing,
Are but talents misapplied;
Infants' prattle I delight in,
Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning
Checks my tongue, or I should say,
When I see the night beginning,
I am glad of parting day;
Love this gentle admonition
Whispers soft within my breast;
"Choice befits not thy condition,
"Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
Night affords me I resign;
And thy will shall be the measure,
Wisdom infinite, of mine:
Wishing is but inclination
Quarrelling with thy decrees;
Wayward nature finds the occasion—
'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I choose;
Nor the day with its employments,
Irksome as they seem, refuse;
Lessons of a God's inspiring
Neither time nor place impedes;
From our wishing and desiring
Our unhappiness proceeds.

ON THE SAME.*

IGHT! how I love thy silent shades,
My spirits they compose;
The bliss of heaven my soul pervades,
In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her poppy dews
In every slumbering eye,
I watch, to meditate and muse,
In blest tranquillity.

And when I feel a God immense
Familiarly impart,
With every proof He can dispense,
His favour to my heart;

My native meanness I lament,
Though most divinely filled
With all the ineffable content
That Deity can yield.

His purpose and his course he keeps;
Treads all my reasonings down;
Commands me out of Nature's deeps,
And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay;
'Tis then a deluge of his grace
Bears all our sins away.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 78.

Thou whom I serve, and whose I am,
  Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
  And makes my fetters fly.

How wretched is the creature's state
  Who thwarts thy gracious power;
Crushed under sin's enormous weight,
  Increasing every hour!

The night, when passed entire with thee,
  How luminous and clear!
Then sleep has no delights for me,
  Lest thou shouldst disappear.

My Saviour! occupy me still
  In this secure recess;
Let Reason slumber if she will,
  My joy shall not be less:

Let Reason slumber out the night;
  But if Thou deign to make
My soul the abode of truth and light,
  Ah, keep my heart awake!

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.*

ONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by Love's sweetest force;
And I thy sovereign will,
Without a wish to escape my doom;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise behold me well content—
Let Sorrow still attend!

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 81.

It costs me no regret, that she,
Who followed Christ, should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

Adieu! ye vain delights of earth;
Insipid sports and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the Cross,
All joy beside to me is dross;
And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross! O ravishment and bliss!
How grateful even its anguish is;
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabled to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure;
The fever of desire is passed,
And Love has all its genuine taste,
Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
'Tis all the bliss she knows:
But nobler aims true Love employ;
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
  Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
  Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful Lover, above all
  The Cross has ever borne!
Oh tell me,—life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
  And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame
  Which must for ever blaze!
To take the Cross and follow thee,
Where Love and Duty lead, shall be
  My portion and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM.*

WEET tenants of this grove!
  Who sing, without design,
A song of artless love,
  In unison with mine:
These echoing shades return
  Full many a note of ours,
That wise ones cannot learn,
  With all their boasted powers.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 85.

O Thou! whose sacred charms
  These hearts so seldom love,
Although thy beauty warms
  And blesses all above;
How slow are human things,
  To choose their happiest lot;
All-glorious King of Kings,
  Say why we love thee not?

This heart, that cannot rest,
  Shall thine for ever prove;
Though bleeding and distressed,
  Yet joyful in thy love:
'Tis happy, though it breaks
  Beneath thy chastening hand;
And speechless, yet it speaks
  What thou canst understand.

SIMPLE TRUST.*

STILL, still, without ceasing,
  I feel it increasing,
This fervour of holy desire;
  And often exclaim,
  Let me die in the flame
Of a Love that can never expire!

  Had I words to explain
  What she must sustain
Who dies to the world and its ways;

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 86.

How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days.

Thou, sweetly severe!
I would make thee appear,
In all Thou art pleased to award,
Not more in the sweet,
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark
Pursuing its mark,
Through many sharp trials of Love;
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to be passed
In the way to the Canaan above.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.*

SOURCE of Love, my brighter Sun,
Thou alone my comfort art;
See, my race is almost run;
Hast Thou left this trembling heart?

In my youth thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men;
Than I drank unmingled joys;
Frown of thine saw never then.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 88.

Spouse of Christ was then my name;
And devoted all to thee.
Strangely jealous, I became
Jealous of this Self in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt;
And to see the dawning light
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert;
And thine eye, so close applied,
While it watched thy pupil's heart,
Seemed to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed—
'Tis the giver, not the gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbled, and laid low,
Stripped of all thou hast conferred,
Nothing left but sin and woe,
I perceived how I had erred.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone!

He the graces Thou hast wrought
Makes subservient to his pride;
Ignorant, that one such thought
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—proved, at last,
By the loss of that repose
Self-complacence cannot taste,
Only Love Divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth! that feeble man,
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can;
Life and power are all in God.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.*

"I LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
This Heart delights to sing;
But I reply—"Your thoughts are vain,
"Perhaps 'tis no such thing."

Before the power of Love Divine
Creation fades away;
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 91.

In gulfs of awful night we find
The God of our desires;
'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling Love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through;
'Tis filled with sacred joy, yet pressed
With sacred sorrow too.

Ah Love! my heart is in the right—
Amidst a thousand woes,
To thee, its ever new delight,
And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur
Where'er I look or move;
The comforts I to all prefer
Are Solitude and Love.

Nor exile I nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour every where,
His grace in every state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quickening beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes.

There sorrow, for his sake, is found
A joy beyond compare;
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong,
Nor feel a passion move,
When Malice whets her slanderous tongue;
Such patience is in Love.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.*

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
Rocks that ivy and briers enfold,
Scenes Nature with dread and astonishment sees,
But I with a pleasure untold.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
I am charmed with the peace ye afford,
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendour, O fountain of day,
And here I am hid from its beams,
Here safely contemplate a brighter display
Of the noblest and holiest themes.

* Bull's Ed. 1801, p. 94. A copy of this translation, sent by Cowper to Unwin, is now Addl. MS. Brit. Mus. 24, 155, fol. 148.

Ye forests, that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here sweetly forgetting, and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the streams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Here wandering in scenes that are sacred to night,
Love wears me and wastes me away,*
And often the sun has spent much of his light
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelopes the sphere,
My sorrows are safely rehearsed,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the desert agree,
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge me my natural right to be free,
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is soothed by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resigned.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

* "Love wastes me and wears me away."—MS.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the* spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself† to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourished without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

O Love, who in darkness art pleased to abide!
Though dimly yet surely I see,
That these contrarieties only reside
In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah! send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perversely by folly beguiled,
For where, in the crowds I have left,‡ shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child.

Here let me, though fixed in a desert, be free;
A little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
Shall be holy and happy and wise.

* "a spark."—MS.
† "I live, and yet seem to myself."—MS.
‡ "For where, among all I have left."—MS.

COMPLIMENTARY PIECES ADDRESSED TO MILTON,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN AND ITALIAN.*

[MILTON'S PREFACE.]

WELL as the Author knows that the following testimonies are not so much *about* as *above* him, and that men of great ingenuity, as well as our friends, are apt, through abundant zeal, so to praise us as rather to draw their own likeness than ours, he was yet unwilling that the world should remain always ignorant of compositions that do him so

* The translations of these "Complimentary Pieces" have not hitherto been included in the editions of Cowper's Poetical Works. They were printed, indeed, from his manuscripts, together with his translations from Milton, in a quarto volume entitled "Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English verse, and a fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late William Cowper, Esqr." This volume was edited by Hayley, and was published at Chichester in 1808. Several editors of Cowper have subsequently reprinted his translations from Milton out of Hayley's volume, but have overlooked, or designedly omitted, his translations of these prefatory verses.

much honour; and especially because he has other friends, who have, with much importunity, solicited their publication. Aware that excessive commendation awakens envy, he would with both hands thrust it from him, preferring just so much of that dangerous tribute as may of right belong to him; but at the same time he cannot deny that he sets the highest value on the suffrages of judicious and distinguished persons.*

THE NEAPOLITAN, JOHN BAPTIST MANSO, MARQUIS OF VILLA, TO THE ENGLISHMAN, JOHN MILTON.†

WHAT features, form, mien, manners, with a mind
Oh how intelligent, and how refined!
Were but thy piety from fault as free,
Thou wouldst no Angle but an Angel be.‡

* Milton prefixed these explanatory or apologetical sentences in Latin, to the original publication of these poems, which were included with his own early poems, in a small 8vo. vol. dated London, 1645.

† Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 2.

‡ The reader perceives that the word Angle is essential, because the Epigram turns upon it. [This was a note by Cowper or Hayley, inserted on the first publication of the lines in 1808. The allusion is, of course, to the exclamation of Gregory the Great, on seeing youths from Britain exposed for sale in the slave market in Rome;—"If they were but Christians, they would be, non Angli sed Angeli."—ED.]

AN EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO THE ENGLISHMAN, JOHN MILTON,

A POET WORTHY OF THREE LAURELS,

THE GRECIAN, LATIN, AND ETRUSCAN.

BY JOHN SALSILLO OF ROME.*

MELES† and Mincio‡ both your urns depress!
Sebetus,§ boast henceforth thy Tasso less!
But let the Thames o'erpeer all floods, since he,
For Milton famed, shall, single, match the three.

TO JOHN MILTON.‖

GREECE sound thy Homer's, Rome thy Virgil's name,
But England's Milton equals both in fame.

SELVAGGI.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 2.

† Meles is a river of Ionia, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, whence Homer is called Melesigenes.—[C. ?]

‡ The Mincio watered the city of Mantua, famous as the birth-place of Virgil.—[C. ?]

§ Sebetus is now the *Fiume della Maddelena;* it runs through Naples.—[C. ?]

‖ Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 3.

AN ODE

ADDRESSED TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMAN, MR. JOHN MILTON, BY SIGNIOR ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTLEMAN OF FLORENCE.*

EXALT me, Clio, to the skies,
That I may form a starry crown,
Beyond what Helicon supplies
In laureate garlands of renown;
To nobler worth be brighter glory given,
And to a heavenly mind a recompense from heaven.

Time's wasteful hunger cannot prey
On everlasting high desert,
Nor can Oblivion steal away
Its record graven on the heart;
Lodge but an arrow, Virtue, on the bow
That binds my lyre, and death shall be a vanquished foe.

In Ocean's blazing flood enshrined,
Whose vassal tide around her swells,
Albion, from other realms disjoined,
The prowess of the world excels;
She teems with heroes that to glory rise,
With more than human force in our astonished eyes.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 3.

To Virtue, driven from other lands,
Their bosoms yield a safe retreat;
Her law alone their deed commands,
Her smiles they feel divinely sweet;
Confirm my record, Milton, generous youth!
And by true virtue prove thy virtue's praise a truth.

Zeuxis, all energy and flame,
Set ardent forth in his career,
Urged to his task by Helen's fame,
Resounding ever in his ear;
To make his image to her beauty true,
From the collected fair each sovereign charm he drew.*

The bee, with subtlest skill endued,
Thus toils to earn her precious juice,
From all the flowery myriads strewed
O'er meadow and parterre profuse;
Confederate voices one sweet air compound,
And various chords consent in one harmonious sound.

An artist of celestial aim,
Thy genius, caught by moral grace,
With ardent emulation's flame
The steps of Virtue toiled to trace,
Observed in every land who brightest shone,
And blending all their best, made perfect good thy own.

* The portrait of Helen here alluded to was painted at the request of the people of Crotona, who sent to the artist all their most charming virgins as models. Zeuxis selected five, and combined in his picture their chief separate beauties.

From all in Florence born, or taught
Our country's sweetest accent there,
Whose works, with learned labour wrought,
Immortal honours justly share,
Thou hast such treasure drawn of purest ore,
That not even Tuscan bards can boast a richer store.

Babel confused, and with her towers
Unfinished spreading wide the plain,
Has served but to evince thy powers,
With all her tongues confused in vain,
Since not alone thy England's purest phrase,
But every polished realm * thy various speech displays.

The secret things of heaven and earth,
By Nature, too reserved, concealed
From other minds of highest worth,
To thee are copiously revealed;
Thou knowest them clearly, and thy views attain
The utmost bounds prescribed to moral truth's domain.

Let Time no more his wing display,
And boast his ruinous career,
For Virtue, rescued from his sway,
His injuries may cease to fear;
Since all events that claim remembrance find
A chronicle exact in thy capacious mind.

* The original enumerates Spain, France and Italy, as well as Greece and Rome, a circumstance worthy of preservation as indicating the extent of Milton's knowledge of languages. ED.

Give me, that I may praise thy song,
Thy lyre, by which alone I can,
Which, placing thee the stars among,
Already proves thee more than man;
And Thames shall seem Permessus,* while his stream,
Graced with a swan like thee, shall be my favourite theme.

I who beside the Arno, strain
To match thy merit with my lays,
Learn, after many an effort vain,
To admire thee rather than to praise;
And that by mute astonishment alone,
Not by the faltering tongue, thy worth may best be shown.

TO MR. JOHN MILTON OF LONDON,†

A YOUTH eminent from his country and his virtues, who in his travels has made himself acquainted with many nations, and in his studies, with all; that, like another Ulysses, he might learn all that all could teach him;

Skilful in many tongues, on whose lips languages now mute so live again, that the idioms of all are

* A river in Bœotia which took its rise in Helicon. (Virg. Ecl. vi. 64.)

† Poems of Milton transl. by Cowper, 1808, p. 7.

insufficient to his praise; happy acquisition by which he understands the universal admiration and applause his talents have excited;

Whose endowments of mind and person move us to wonder, but at the same time fix us immoveable; whose works prompt us to extol him, but by their beauty strike us mute;

In whose memory the whole world is treasured; in whose intellect, wisdom; in whose heart, the ardent desire of glory; and in whose mouth, eloquence. Who with Astronomy for his conductor, hears the music of the spheres; with Philosophy for his teacher, deciphers the handwriting of God, in those wonders of creation which proclaim his greatness; and with the most unwearied literary industry for his associate,

Examines, restores, penetrates with ease the obscurities of antiquity, the desolations of ages, and the labyrinths of learning;

"But wherefore toil to reach these arduous heights?"

To him in short whose virtues the mouths of Fame are too few to celebrate, and whom astonishment forbids us to praise as he deserves, this tribute due to his merits, and the offering of reverence and affection, is paid by

CARLO DATI,

A patrician Florentine.

This great man's servant, and this good man's friend.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS OF MILTON.*

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DIODATI.†

AT length, my friend, the far sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destined home;
They come, at length, from Deva's‡ western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian§ tide.

* These translations were first printed entire from Cowper's originals, in the "Latin and Italian Poems of Milton translated by Cowper." Chichester, 4to. 1808.

† Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 9. Diodati was a school-fellow of Milton at St. Paul's, of Italian extraction, nephew of Giovanni Diodati, the translator of the Bible into Italian, and son of Theodore Diodati, a physician of eminence who married and settled in England. Charles Diodati was the same person to whom other subsequent poems were addressed by Milton, and whose early death formed the subject of the *Epitaphium Damonis*.

‡ The original indicates that this was the Dee of Chester.

§ The Vergivian sea, so called by Ptolemy, was the Channel between England and Ireland.

Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldest be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny.
'Tis time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in lettered leisure spent
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banished, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffered nothing more;
He then had equalled even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:
For here I woo the Muse with no control,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor, or soldier, now unarmed, be there,
Or some coifed brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibberish of the laws.
The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
And, artful, speeds the enamoured son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,

What love is know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or, if impassioned tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly,
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I gaze and grieve, still cherishing my grief.
At times e'en bitter tears yield sweet relief,
As, when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day;
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe;
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm that never sun pervades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
O forms divine! O looks that might inspire
Even Jove himself, grown old, with young desire!
Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies,
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks, too, more winning sweet than after shower
Adonis turned to Flora's favourite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shared the embrace
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
Give place, ye turbaned fair of Persia's coast!
And ye, not less renowned, Assyria's boast!
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom

Of Ilion! and all ye of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due;
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
O city founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
Outnumbers all her train of starry fires
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says that, wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fixed her empire on thy nobler shore.
But, lest the sightless boy enforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls while yet I may.
Immortal moly* shall secure my heart
From all the sorcery of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes though few,
Yet such as prove thy friend's remembrance true!

* Cowper thus translates the account given in the Odyssey of this "precious drug," by the virtues of which Ulysses was enabled to baffle the enchantments of Circe:—

"So spake the Argicide, and from the earth
That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,
Then taught me all its powers. Black was the root,
Milk-white the blossom; moly is its name
In heaven; not easily by mortal man
Dug forth, but all is easy to the gods."

Odyssey, x., 370-375.

ELEGY II.

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEDEL AT CAMBRIDGE.*

THEE, whose refulgent staff and summons clear,
Minerva's flock long time was wont to obey,
Although thyself a herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, Death, has snatched away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes displayed
By Leda's paramour in ancient time;
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decayed,
Or, Æson-like, to know a second prime.
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commissioned to convene with hasty call
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command!
And so Eurybates, when he addressed
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 14. The Bedel alluded to was Richard Ridding, of St. John's College, M.A., who died about October, 1626.

Dread queen of sepulchres! whose rigorous laws
And watchful eyes run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause!
Too often to the muse not less a foe!
Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him from every eye,
All ye disciples of the muses, weep!
Assembling all in robes of sable die,
Around his bier lament his endless sleep!
And let complaining Elegy rehearse
In every school her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.*

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
Making in thought the public woes my own,
When first arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge the pest!

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 16. Lancelot Andrewes, Fuller's "peerless prelate," bishop of Winchester, from February, 1618-19, until his death on 26th September, 1626, was the subject of Milton's elegy.

How Death, his funeral torch and scythe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumined palace low,
And levelled tribes of nobles at a blow.
I next deplored the famed fraternal* pair,
Too soon to ashes turned and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatched into the skies
All Belgia saw, and followed with her sighs;
But thee far most I mourned, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Poured out in tears I thus complaining said;—
"Death, next in power to him who rules the dead!
"Is it not enough that all the woodlands yield
"To thy fell force, and every verdant field;
"That lilies, at one noisesome blast of thine,
"And e'en the Cyprian queen's own roses pine;
"That oaks themselves, although the running rill
"Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will;
"That all the winged nations, even those
"Whose heaven-directed flight the future shows,
"And all the beasts that in dark forests stray,
"And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
"Ah envious! armed with powers so unconfined!
"Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
"Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
"To chase a heaven-born spirit from her home?"
While thus I mourned, the star of evening stood,
Now newly risen above the western flood,

* Up to this time it has been printed "paternal" in all editions. The mistake was pointed out in a note printed at the end of "Cowper's Milton," Vol. iii.; but the note has been overlooked.

And Phœbus from his morning goal again
Had reached the gulfs of the Iberian main.
I wished repose, and, on my couch reclined,
Took early rest, to night and sleep resigned:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seemed to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champaign glowed with purple light,
Like that of sunrise on the mountain height;
Flowers over all the field, of every hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom amorous zephyrs play,
E'er dressed Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, rolled
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold;
With dewy airs Favonius fanned the flowers,
With airs awakened under rosy bowers.
Such, poets feign, irradiate all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I that splendour, and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixed, surveyed,
At once, with looks that beamed celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture's hem, descending low,
His golden sandals swept, and, pure as snow
New fallen, shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod, a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flowery scene around:
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings;
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
"Ascend, my son! thy Father's kingdom share!
"My son! henceforth be freed from every care!"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltery's sound the angelic band arose;
Then night retired, and, chased by dawning day,
The visionary bliss passed all away.
I mourned my banished sleep with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR THOMAS YOUNG.

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.*

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the gods grant that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king who binds
In his Sicanian echoing vault the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to ensure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou mayst;
Or that whence young Triptolemus of yore

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 20. Young was Milton's private tutor before he went to St. Paul's. After his return from Hamburgh he became Vicar of Stowmarket, one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, one of the writers of *Smectymnuus*, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. He died at Stowmarket, in 1655.

Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands that line the German coast descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside,
So called, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-armed Cimbrian slew!
Their lives, deep learned and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forced to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas, how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear as the sage renowned for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth!
Dear as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdained the world he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I surveyed;
And favoured by the Muse, whom I implored,
Thrice on my lip the hallowed stream I poured.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot rolled
To Aries, has new tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dressed the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parched their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the music of his tongue:
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
Aware thyself that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book;

Or ministering (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation as he claims from me!
And, with a downcast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak:
"If compassed round with arms thou canst attend
"To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
"Long due, and late, I left the English shore;
"But make me welcome for that cause the more!'
"Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
"The slow epistle came, though late, sincere.
"But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed
"For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?
"Self-charged, and self-condemned, his proper part
"He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
"But thou forgive—delinquents who confess,
"And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;
"From timid foes the lion turns away,
"Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey,
"Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
"Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;
"And Heaven's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
"By a cheap victim and uplifted hands.
"Long had he wished to write, but was withheld,
"And writes at last, by Love alone compelled,
"For Fame, too often true when she alarms,
"Reports thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms;
"Thy city against fierce besiegers barred,
"And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepared.
"Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
"And saturates with blood the tainted ground;

" Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
" But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
" The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
" And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
" Flies from that earth which Justice long had left,
" And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.
"Thus Horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
" Thou dwellest, and helpless, in a soil unknown;
" Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
" The aid denied thee in thy native land.
" O ruthless country, and unfeeling more
" Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
" Leavest thou to foreign care the worthies given
" By providence to guide thy steps to heaven?
" His ministers, commissioned to proclaim
" Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name!
" Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
" In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
" So once the venerable Tishbite strayed
" An exiled fugitive from shade to shade,
" When, flying Ahab and his fury wife,
" In lone Arabian wilds he sheltered life;
" So from Philippi wandered forth forlorn
" Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;
" And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
" The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.
" But thou take courage! strive against despair!
" Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!
" Grim war indeed on every side appears,
" And thou art menaced by a thousand spears;
" Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
" Even the defenceless bosom of my friend.
" For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,

" Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
" The same who vanquished under Sion's towers
" At silent midnight all Assyria's powers,
" The same who overthrew in ages past
" Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!
" Their king he filled and them with fatal fears
" By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears,
" Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
" Of clashing armour, and the din of war.
" Thou, therefore (as the most afflicted may),
" Still hope, and triumph o'er thy evil day!
" Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
" And to enjoy, once more, thy native home!"

ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.*

TIME, never wandering from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak Winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And Earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new powers of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 26.

By day, by night, my raptured fancy fill;
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phœbus comes! with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends!
I mount, and undepressed by cumbrous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way;
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly,
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.
But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
Of inspiration—what will it perform?
Spring claims the verse that with his influence glows,
And shall be paid with what himself bestows.
Thou, veiled with opening foliage, leadest the throng
Of feathered minstrels, Philomel! in song;
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
Civic and sylvan heralds of the spring!
With notes triumphant Spring's approach declare!
To Spring, ye muses, annual tribute bear!
The orient left, and Ethiopia's plains,
The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;
Night creeps not now, yet rules with gentle sway,
And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain
Boötes follows his celestial wain;
And now the radiant sentinels above,
Less numerous, watch around the courts of Jove,
For, with the night, Force, Ambush, Slaughter fly,
And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.

Now, haply says some shepherd, while he views,
Recumbent on a rock, the reddening dews,
This night, this, surely, Phœbus missed the fair,
Who stops his chariot by her amorous care.
Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora, come—too late
Thou lingerest, slumbering, with thy withered mate;
Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
The goddess with a blush her love betrays,
But mounts, and, driving rapidly, obeys.
Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and, to engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to every breeze that blows
Arabia's harvest and the Paphian rose.
Her lofty front she diadems around
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crowned;
Her dewy locks, with various flowers new blown,
She interweaves, various, and all her own;
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
Herself, with all her sighing zephyrs, sues;
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
Nor, unendowed and indigent, aspires
The amorous earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,

Divine physician! to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love),
She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heavenly steep
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—"Ah Phœbus, why repair
"Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
"Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
"A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
"Come seek my green retreats, and rather choose
"To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews.
"The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
"Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
"And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
"Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
"No fears I feel like Semelè to die,
"Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
"For thou canst govern them, here therefore rest,
"And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"
Thus breathes the wanton Earth her amorous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same;
For Cupid now through every region strays,
Brightening his faded fires with solar rays;
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar side;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.

Exulting youths the hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and valleys ring;
He, new attired, and by the season drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
Now many a golden-cinctured virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
All wish, and each alike, some favourite youth
Hers, in the bonds of hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song that suits the strain;
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear:
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Silvanus, wreathed with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
To roam the banks and solitary dells;
Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing Oread flies;
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice the immortals from above,
And some kind power presides o'er every grove;
And long, ye powers, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe, and blessed, where ye abide!
Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
Why choose to dwell where storms and thunder roar?

At least thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to night's encroaching, long control!

ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DIODATI,*

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharged, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my pampered friend.
But wherefore should thy Muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell,
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move,
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
French spirits kindling with cærulean fires,
And all such gambols as the time inspires!
Think not that wine against good verse offends,
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends;

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 32.

Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crowned.
The Nine themselves ofttimes have joined the song,
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturned, the chariot lies,
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steeped in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse bestow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus and whom Ceres both befriend.
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet!
The lute now also sounds, with gold inwrought,
And touched with flying fingers nicely taught,
In tapestried halls, high roofed, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights gay as these may more invite her stay;
And, trust me, while the ivory keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,

By love and music's blended powers possest.
For numerous powers light elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
But they who demigods and heroes praise,
And feats performed in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their beverage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine!
Their youth should pass in innocence secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when robed in white he stands,
The fresh lustration, ready in his hands.
Thus Linus lived, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight;
Thus exiled Chalcas, thus the Bard of Thrace,
Melodious tamer of the savage race;
Thus, trained by temperance, Homer led, of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the siren train;
And through the realms where grizzly spectres dwell,
Whose tribes he fettered in a gory spell;
For these are sacred bards, and from above
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove.
Wouldst thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear)
Wouldst thou be told my occupation here?

The promised King of Peace employs my pen,
The eternal covenant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity with infant cries
Filling the sordid hovel where he lies,
The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the wise who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallowed shore
Dashed, at his birth, to be revered no more.
This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse;
Verse that, reserved in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.*

AS yet a stranger to the gentle fires
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorned his claim to rule all human hearts.
"Go, child," I said, "transfix the timorous dove!
"An easy conquest suits an infant love;
"Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
"Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
"Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
"Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."
The Cyprian heard, and kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner) burned with double fire.
It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peeped o'er the hamlets on the first of May;

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 37.

My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
When Love approached, in painted plumes arrayed,
The insidious god his rattling darts betrayed,
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye.
  Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he on whom the nymphs bestowed their charms,
Hylas, who perished in a Naiad's arms.
Angry he seemed, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats not destitute of fire.
" My power," he said, " by others' pain alone,
" 'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
" With those that feel my power, that power attest!
" And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
" I vanquished Phœbus, though returning vain
" From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
" And when he thinks on Daphne, even he
" Will yield the prize of archery to me.
" A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
" Behind him killed, and conquered as he fled:
" Less true the expert Cydonian, and less true
" The youth whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
" Vanquished by me see huge Orion bend,
" By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
" At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
" His bosom first should bleed transfixed by mine.
" But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
" Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain.
" Thy Muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace ensure,
" Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.
That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provoked my laughter more than moved my fear.
I shunned not, therefore, public haunts, but strayed
Careless in city or suburban shade,
And, passing and repassing, nymphs that moved
With grace divine, beheld where'er I roved.
Bright shone the vernal day with double blaze
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples checked I freely eyed
The dangerous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a fair unknown
Met full, unable to control my own.
But one I marked (then peace forsook my breast),
One—Oh how far superior to the rest!
What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom, when I dared
His arrows, Love had even then prepared!
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well trimmed and quiver at his side;
Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
And with a thousand wounds from every part
Pierced and transpierced my undefended heart.
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now seized my soul, and I was all on fire;
But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanished, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And, while I follow her in thought, bemoan

With tears my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurled him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrowed for Olympus lost,
And so Œclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulf looked up to distant light.
Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh! could I once, once more, behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her of the pangs I bear;
Perhaps she is not adamant; would show,
Perhaps, some pity at my tale of woe.
O inauspicious flame!—'tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah! spare me, gentle power!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds and nature disagree.
Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice save only thine.
Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
Now own thee sovereign of all human hearts.
Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destined mine) at once both her and me.
Such were the trophies that, in earlier days,
By Vanity seduced, I toiled to raise;
Studious, yet indolent, and urged by Youth,
That worst of teachers! from the ways of Truth;
Till Learning taught me in his shady bower
To quit Love's servile yoke, and spurn his power.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame suppressed,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.*

PRAISE in old time the sage Prometheus won,
Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

[The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.—C.]

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.†

ANOTHER Leonora once inspired
Tasso, with fatal love to phrensy fired;
But how much happier, lived he now, were he,
Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee!

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 42.
† Ibid. "I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted."—C.

Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still, with medicinal sounds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And, sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.*

NAPLES, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voiced siren buried on thy shore,
That when Parthenope deceased, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
Pausilipo for Tiber's placid coursé,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains
Of magic song both gods and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.†

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeased to have a part alone,

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 43.
† Ibid. p. 44.

Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, withered, and would yield no more.
The squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Cursed his own pains, so foolishly employed,
And, " Oh," he cried, " that I had lived content
" With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
" My avarice has expensive proved to me,
" Has cost me both my pippins and my tree."

TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WRITTEN AS FOR CROMWELL,

AND TO BE SENT WITH HIS PICTURE.*

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
Behold what wrinkles I have earned, and how
The iron casque still chafes my veteran brow,
While, following Fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But softened in thy sight my looks appear,
Not to all queens or kings alike severe.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 44.

ON
THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, A PHYSICIAN.*

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state!
Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"Resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseased by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector pressed the plain,
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, saved by magic song,
Still had lived, and equal skill
Had preserved Medea still.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 46. The Vice-Chancellor alluded to was Dr. John Gostlin, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, and Master of Gonville and Caius College from 21st February 1618-19. He died on the 21st October, 1626.

Dwelt in herbs and drugs a power
To avert man's destined hour,
Learned Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had survived the smart
Of the hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foiled by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still hadst filled thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race:

Hadst advanced to higher fame
Still thy much ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explored
The Tartarean gulf abhorred.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread,
Thee too numbered with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flowers that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy shade consign!
Make Elysium ever thine!

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.*

MY lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound,
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consigned,
Ely, the honour of his kind!
At once a storm of passion heaved
My boiling bosom, much I grieved;
But more I raged, at every breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem
When hated Ibis was his theme;
With less Archilochus denied
The lovely Greek his promised bride.
But lo! while thus I execrate
Incensed the minister of fate,
Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.
"Ah, much deluded! lay aside
"Thy threats, and anger misapplied!

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 49. Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely from March 1618-19, to his death, on the 5th October, 1626, was the subject of the poem.

" Art not afraid with sounds like these
" To offend where thou canst not appease?
" Death is not (wherefore dreamest thou thus?)
" The son of night and Erebus:
" Nor was of fell Erynnis born
" On gulfs where Chaos rules forlorn.
" But sent from God, his presence leaves,
" To gather home his ripened sheaves,
" To call encumbered souls away
" From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
" (As when the winged hours excite,
" And summon forth the morning light)
" And each to convoy to her place
" Before the Eternal Father's face.
" But not the wicked—them, severe
" Yet just, from all their pleasures here
" He hurries to the realms below,
" Terrific realms of penal woe!
" Myself no sooner heard his call,
" Than, scaping through my prison wall,
" I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
" And soared, with angels, to the stars,
" Like him of old, to whom 'twas given
" To mount on fiery wheels to heaven.
" Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
" Appalled me not; nor to behold
" The sword that vast Orion draws,
" Or even the Scorpion's horrid claws.
" Beyond the sun's bright orb I fly,
" And far beneath my feet descry
" Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
" Whom her winged dragons draw.
" Thus, ever wondering at my speed,

" Augmented still as I proceed,
" I pass the planetary sphere,
" The milky way—and now appear
" Heaven's crystal battlements, her door
" Of massy pearl, and emerald floor.
" But here I cease. For never can
" The tongue of once a mortal man
" In suitable description trace
" The pleasures of that happy place;
" Suffice it, that those joys divine
" Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.*

AH, how the human mind wearies herself
With her own wanderings, and, involved in gloom
Impenetrable, speculates amiss!
Measuring in her folly things divine
By human; laws inscribed on adamant,
By laws of man's device, and counsels fixed
For ever, by the hours that pass and die.
How?—shall the face of Nature then be ploughed
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great parent fix a sterile curse?
Shall even she confess old age, and halt,

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 53.

And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
Shall foul Antiquity with rust, and Drought
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulf
The very heavens that regulate his flight?
And was the Sire of All able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident and heedless haste,
Let slip the occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, yon arch
Shall crumble and come thundering down, the poles
Jar in collision, the Olympian king
Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurled
Down into Lemnos, through the gate of heaven.
Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
Phœbus! thy own son's fall shall imitate,
With hideous ruin shall impress the deep
Suddenly, and the flood shall reek and hiss,
At the extinction of the lamp of day.
Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
Be shattered, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immersed
In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.
No. The Almighty Father surer laid
His deep foundations, and, providing well
For the event of all, the scales of Fate
Suspended in just equipoise, and bade
His universal works, from age to age,
One tenor hold, perpetual, undisturbed.
Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual, day by day, and with it bears

In social measure swift, the heavens around.
Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
Phœbus, his vigour unimpaired, still shows
The effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
A downward course, that he may warm the vales;
But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
Sign after sign, through all the heavenly zone.
Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
To gather home betimes the ethereal flock,
To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
And to discriminate the night and day.
Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes and wanes
Alternate, and with arms extended still
She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
Nor have the elements deserted yet
Their functions; thunder with as loud a stroke
As erst smites through the rocks and scatters them;
The east still howls; still the relentless north
Invades the shuddering Scythian, still he breathes
The winter, and still rolls the storms along;
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus; o'er the deep is heard
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell;
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
In shallows, or beneath diminished waves.
Thou too, thy ancient vegetative power
Enjoyest, O Earth! Narcissus still is sweet;
And Phœbus still thy favourite, and still
Thy favourite, Cytherea, both retain
Their beauty; nor the mountains, ore enriched
For punishment of man, with purer gold

Teemed ever, or with brighter gems the deep.
Thus in unbroken series all proceeds;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heaven,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consumed in one enormous pyre!

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.*

YE sister powers, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou who, in thy grot
Immense, reclined at leisure, hast in charge
The archives and the ordinances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heaven,
Eternity!—inform us who is He,
That great original by nature chosen
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves coeval, one, yet every where,
An image of the God who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 57.

Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heavens, or dwell
On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth,
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordained
To flesh and blood! or whether (as may chance)
That vast and giant model of our kind
In some far distant region of this globe
Sequestered stalk, with lifted head on high
O'ertowering Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
The stars, terrific even to the gods.
Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved
His best illumination, him beheld
In secret vision; never him the son
Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
Descending, to the prophet-choir revealed;
Him never knew the Assyrian priest, who yet
The ancestry of Ninus' chronicles,
And Belus, and Osiris, far renowned;
Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skilled
So deep in mystery, to the worshippers
Of Isis showed a prodigy like him.
And thou, who hast immortalized the shades
Of Academus, if the schools received
This monster of the fancy first from thee,
Either recall at once the banished bards
To thy republic, or thyself, evinced
A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.*

H that Pieria's spring would through my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable father's sake
All meaner themes renounced, my Muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my father! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work; nor know I aught
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
Though to requite them suitably would ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is naught;
Naught, save the riches from that airy dream
In secret grottos and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired.
Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
Bespeaks him animated from above.
The gods love verse; the infernal powers themselves
Confess the influence of verse, which stirs

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 59.

The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
Of adamant both Pluto and the shades.
In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
Tremulous Sibyl, make the future known;
And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
Hangs verse, both when he smites the threatening bull,
And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
To scrutinize the fates enveloped there.
We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
Our native skies, and one eternal now
Shall be the only measure of our being,
Crowned all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
And make the starry firmament resound.
And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, directs himself
Their mazy dance with melody of verse
Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiucus holds his hiss suppressed;
Orion, softened, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
Verse graced of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, destined to the gulf
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lyæus deluged yet the temperate board.
Then sat the bard a customary guest
To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
The characters of heroes and their deeds,
To imitation, sang of chaos old,
Of Nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
Of acorns fallen, and of the thunderbolt

Not yet produced from Ætna's fiery cave.
And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear,
And the oaks followed. Not by chords alone
Well touched, but by resistless accents more
To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
He moved; these praises to his verse he owes.
Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
And useless powers, by whom inspired, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if, so conjoined
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God.
No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
My father! for thou never badest me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous, and ill observed;
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, ledst me far away,

From city din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
I speak not now, on more important themes
Intent, of common benefits, and such
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
My father! who, when I had opened once
The stores of Roman rhetoric, and learned
The full toned language of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove,
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flowers
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
Italian his degenerate speech adorns,
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
To sum the whole, whate'er the heaven contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.
Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
That covet it; what could my father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heaven in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.

I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unlettered throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,
And Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
Her venomed tongue at me. Detested foes!
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileged, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.
But thou! my father, since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasured in a grateful mind!
Ye, too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorbed
In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the fathers of a distant age!

TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET, MUCH INDISPOSED.*

The original is written in a measure called Scazon, which signifies limping, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has, consequently, a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

MY halting Muse, that draggest by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And likest that pace, expressive of thy cares,
Not less than Deiopeia's sprightlier airs,
When in the dance she beats with measured tread
Heaven's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
Thus writes that Milton, then, who, wafted o'er
From his own nest on Albion's stormy shore,
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
Sweeps with ungoverned rage the blasted land,
Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learned her youth.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 65.

Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endurest the languor and the pains
That bile inflicts, diffused through all thy veins;
Relentless malady, not moved to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice and Lesbian air!
Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine!
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills that melt
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
That, rendered to the Muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclined in everlasting ease
Amid the shade of dark embowering trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His loved Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So soothed, the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.*

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
> Risplende il Manso.

During the Author's stay at Naples he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise, the Nine,
O Manso! happy in that theme, design,
For, Gallus and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee;
And if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consigned (not unaware

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 68.

How high the charge) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing to the nymphs Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In laboured brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of theirs which thou couldst save,
All future ages thou hast deigned to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each,
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who, true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
Chilled by rude blasts that freeze my northern home,
Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
A muse scarce reared beneath our sullen sky,
Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
We too, where Thames with its unsullied waves
The tresses of the blue haired Ocean laves,
Hear oft by night, or, slumbering, seem to hear,
O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear;
And we could boast a Tityrus of yore
Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.
...Yes—dreary as we own our northern clime,
Even we to Phœbus raise the polished rhyme,
We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has received
(If legends old may claim to be believed)

No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
The burnished apple, ruddiest of the year,
The fragrant crocus, and, to grace his fane,
Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;
Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
Who gods and heroes praised in hallowed rhyme!
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
They name the virgins who arrived of yore
With British offerings on the Delian shore,
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
All decked with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare.
Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after time,
Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phœbus and the Nine
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phœbus, when of old constrained to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
Entered, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventured there before.
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, clothed with perpetual green,
And thither, oft as respite he required
From rustic clamours loud, the god retired.
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclined
At some oak's root with ivy thick entwined,
Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He soothed his pains of exile with the lyre.

Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Œta felt his load of forest more;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And softened lynxes wondered at that strain.
Well may we think, O dear to all above!
Thy birth distinguished by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindliest power,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
Hence on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The lingering freshness of thy greener years;
Hence in thy front and features we admire
Nature unwithered and a mind entire.
Oh! might so true a friend to me belong,
So skilled to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restored
Each to his seat around the federal board;
And Oh! if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plunderers in triumphant verse!
Then, after all, when, with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent;
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my deathbed bend,
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath,
Or of Parnassus or the Paphian isle,
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then, also, if the fruits of faith endure,

And virtue's promised recompense be sure,
Borne to those seats to which the blessed aspire
By purity of soul and virtuous fire,
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumined by celestial day,
And, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,
Joy in the bright beatitude of heaven!

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Diodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE nymphs of Himera, (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
Now through the villas laved by Thames rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 74.

What sighs he heaved, and how with groans profound
He made the woods and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.
The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enriched the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasped for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamoured of the muse, remained
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detained,
But, stored at length with all he wished to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return;
And when the shepherd had resumed his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And from his burthened heart he vented thus his woe:
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heaven, or earth, concerned for human woes,
Since, oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Departest thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!
Let him forbid it whose bright rod controls,
And separates sordid from illustrious souls;
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot with spirits worthy thine!
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due

To other cares than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplored, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on every shepherd's tongue.
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee, the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove;
At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon! such thy sure reward shall be;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me?
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoyed our feet,
And when the herbage all was parched with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, armed with darts we went?
Whose converse now shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song who now beguile my way?
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse with innocent delight
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,

While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And blackening chestnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders through the neighbouring elm.
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the sheltering beach,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretched rustic snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles, again?
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blustering wind and shower
Beat on my temples through the shattered bower.
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildewed crop the furrow yields;
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivelled grapes; my myrtles fail to please;
Nor please me more my flocks: they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.
" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.

Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibœus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the midday heat.
'Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise;
Here zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'—
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to every call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return)
'What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah, Thyrsis! thou art either crazed with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierced thee through.'
"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amazed, my melancholy see,
And, 'Thyrsis!' cry—'what will become of thee?
What wouldst thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh and love—ah, shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!'
"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came, to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;

Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands
That skirt the Idumanian current stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.
" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indifference of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferred!
No bonds of amity the flocks inthral,
But each associates and is pleased with all;
So graze the dappled deer in numerous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;
The sparrow, meanest of the feathered race,
His fit companion finds in every place,
With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom, if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well aimed arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves,
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice.
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.
" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lured me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows and rugged rocks!
What need so great had I to visit Rome,

Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or, had she flourished still, as when, of old,
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I to incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
Else, had I grasped thy feeble hand, composed
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids closed,
And, at the last, had said—'Farewell—ascend—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!'
"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well pleased, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the memory of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possessed, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretched beside
The murmuring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I passed my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flowers,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dared attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeased attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and osier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learned, and each in every place

Renowned for song, and both of Lydian race.
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
While bright the dewy grass with moonbeams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou hadst found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment underground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wickerwork for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I planned
New scenes of pleasure that I hoped at hand,
Called thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
'What, hoa! my friend—come, lay thy task aside;
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat beneath yon whispering shades awhile,
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's gray turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing powers of each,
From the tall bluebell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.'
Ah, perish Galen's art, and withered be
The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touched my lip, though new,
And unessayed before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-toned music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I chose—ye groves, farewell!

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he ploughed the British sea,
First from Rutupia's towering headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires the Armorican controlled;
And of the wife of Gorloïs, who, surprised
By Uther, in her husband's form disguised,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
These themes I now revolve—and oh! if Fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthened date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine tree bough
Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
Forgotten and disused, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song:
A British?—even so—the powers of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-haired, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadowed stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctured flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare!
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view designed,

This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride)
Two cups that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorned by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red Sea shores with groves of spices lined;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary phœnix shows,
And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head
To see Aurora leave her watery bed.
—In other part, the expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the god of love;
With quiver armed he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipped arrows blaze,
Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but, aiming high,
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The power of Cupid, and enamoured burn.
" Thou also Damon, (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire? where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwellest not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee—cease then, my tears, to flow.
Away with grief: on Damon ill bestowed!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has passed the showery arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy
With hallowed lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,

And now enriched with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Deodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee:
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire.

AN ODE ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN ROUS,

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,*

ON A LOST VOLUME OF MY POEMS, WHICH HE DESIRED ME TO REPLACE, THAT HE MIGHT ADD THEM TO MY OTHER WORKS DEPOSITED IN THE LIBRARY.

This ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

MY twofold book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorned,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades
Or British wilds he roamed,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepped almost in air—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow books conveyed,

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 88.

What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honoured traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cærulean sire!
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admired?

STROPHE II.

Now what god, or demigod,
For Britain's ancient genius moved,
(If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degenerate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline with hallowed voice recall?
Recall the Muses too,
Driven from their ancient seats
In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing the unseemly birds,
Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast strayed,
Whether by treachery lost,
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
From all thy kindred books,

To some dark cell or cave forlorn,
Where thou endurest, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutored hand,
Be comforted—
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou mayst yet escape
The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rous desires thee, and complains
That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appearest not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores
Given to his care,
But, absent, leavest his numbers incomplete,
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
In the resplendent temple of his god,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The Muses' favourite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the forked Parnassian hill!
Exulting go,

Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain
And worthless deemed by me!
Whate'er this sterile genius has produced,
Expect, at last, the rage of Envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unlettered multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less tinged with prejudice, and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of power
To judge more equally.
Then, Malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rous, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ITALIAN POEMS.

SONNET.*

FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,†
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Tempering thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speakest, or singest gay,
Such strains as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 93.

† Masson adduces reasons for supposing (i. 772,) that this river was the Reno, which flows close by Bologna, and not the Rhine. It is "Rheno" in the original.

SONNET.*

AS on a hill-top rude, when closing day
Imbrowns the scene, some pastoral maiden fair
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,
Are flowers exotic, which Love waters there.
While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise in verse to British ears unknown,
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;
So Love has willed, and ofttimes Love has shown
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
Oh that this hard and sterile breast might be
To Him, who plants from Heaven, a soil as free!

CANZONE.†

THEY mock my toil—the nymphs and amorous swains—
"And whence this fond attempt to write," they cry,
"Love-songs in language that thou little knowest?

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 94.
† Ibid. p. 96.

" How darest thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
" Say truly. Findest not oft thy purpose crossed,
" And that thy fairest flowers here fade and die?"
Then, with pretence of admiration high—
" Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
" Rivers, on whose grassy sides
" Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
" Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
" Why then this burthen, better far declined?"
Speak, Muse! for me—the fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
" This is the language in which Love delights."

SONNET, TO CHARLES DIODATI.*

CHARLES—and I say it wondering—thou must know
That I, who once assumed a scornful air
And scoffed at Love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so:)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair;
A mien majestic, with dark brows that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 97.

And song, whose fascinating power might bind,
And from her sphere draw down, the labouring moon;
With such fire-darting eyes that, should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONNET.*

LADY! It cannot be but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me even as Phœbus him whose way
Through horrid Libya's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in showers are ever drowned,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 99.

SONNET.*

NAMOURED, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly;
To thee, dear lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixed fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

* Poems of Milton translated by Cowper, 1808, p. 100.

TRANSLATION OF A SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.*

'As when, from mountain-tops, the dusky clouds Ascending,' &c.—Book II. l. 488.

UALES aërii montis de vertice nubes
Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiêrunt,
Cœlum hilares abdit, spissâ caligine, vultus:
Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,
Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.

TRANSLATION OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.†

RES tria, sed longè distantia, sæcula vates
Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

July, 1780.

* Copied by Cowper in a letter to Unwin dated 8th June, 1780, which is now in Addl. MS. Brit. Mus. 24,154, fol. 32.

† The volume of MSS. referred to in the preceding note contains also, at fol. 37, Cowper's copy of this translation sent to Unwin, in a letter dated 11th July, 1780. See Dryden's original, in Scott's Dryden, vol. XI. p. 160.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.*

THE THRACIAN.†

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But with undissembled mirth
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
"O the savages!" exclaim,
"Whether they rejoice or mourn,
"Well entitled to the name!"

* These translations from Vincent Bourne were added to those already in print, by Hayley, in his Life of Cowper, Ed. 1803, vol. II. pp. 345-378. They were afterwards included in the third volume of Cowper's Poems, published by Dr. John Johnson in 1815, pp. 335-387 of the edition in 8vo, and pp. 245-283 of that in 12mo. From that time they have been reprinted in all the collected editions of the Poems. Hayley, Dr. John Johnson, and some subsequent editors, have given also Bourne's original Latin, but his poems are too well known to render that any longer necessary.

† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p 345.

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure, would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.*

NDROCLES, from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parched with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roared approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand;
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 346.

Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequestered still—
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home! native home! Oh might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doomed to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:
When lo! the selfsame lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And, softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: Nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.*

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
The ladies thumb it much.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 349.

Words none, things numerous it contains:
And things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And opened, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name nor title, stamped behind,
Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
And formed for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full charged leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less;
The last are least of all.

Oh! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space is here!
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear.

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or posed, whoever reads:
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er!
No book is treasured there,
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
That may with this compare.

No!—rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

AN ENIGMA.*

NEEDLE, small as small can be,
In bulk and use surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies,
Who clips in length the brazen thread
For him who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob with which it must be crowned;
His follower makes it fast:
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 352.

Now therefore, Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*

NONE ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he viewed the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeathered brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 354.

They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge:
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.*

AS in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 356.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest:
It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest,
Should bear a kitten's joke.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.*

WEET bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat while he reigns
In the well sheltered dwellings of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me

At sight of the first feeble ray
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast·
For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long,
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing:

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 357.

And shouldst thou, compelled by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay as thou paidst me before.

Thus music must needs be confessed
To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?
And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.*

THE shepherd touched his reed; sweet Philomel
Essayed, and oft essayed to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
With all the force that passion gives inspired,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 360.

Returned the sounds awhile, but in the close
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill prevailed. O fatal strife,
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.*

NCIENT dame, how wide and vast
To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
Frailer and of feebler powers;
We, to narrow bounds confined,
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
Nourished but to feed the tomb.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 361.

Seeds of merciless disease
Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that waste us by degrees,
Some that suddenly destroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn
Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
Dream, and dote, and drivel then?

Fast as moons can wax and wane
Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
Pant with anguish, and complain,
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis given),
Lingering on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps uneven
To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accustomed course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content
Should propitious Heaven design
Life for us as calmly spent,
Though but half the length of thine.

THE CAUSE WON.*

TWO neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The prize——at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice:
No single word but has its price.
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.
Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim,
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

THE SILKWORM.†

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 364.
† Ibid. p. 365.

The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Though till his growing time be past
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins.
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclosed as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task;
And, though a worm when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio-pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies
The next ensuing year—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.*

* The last four lines were omitted by Hayley, but supplied by Dr. John Johnson, in his third volume of the Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 369; 12mo. p. 270.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.*

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The cankorworm, in-dwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

...But she, with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for her use,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 367.

That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.*

N this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrowed frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the riband with which they are bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
Yet all is expressed with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple or freckle concealed from the view.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 369. It is stated in a note to the editions of Bourne's poems, that Denner's picture was long publicly exhibited in Old Palace Yard near Westminster Abbey.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.
Strange magic of art! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half enamoured, the features of age;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she when as old shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gained,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtained.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.*

PELLES, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread;
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow),
"This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes with tender care,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 371.

And formed at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew not livid yet;
And shaded all that he had done
To a just image of his son.
Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies:
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finished whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short lived shall the glory prove
Or of thy labour or thy love.

THE MAZE.*

FROM right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 374.

Stand still, and breathe, and take from me
A clue, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you met her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You entered easily—find where—
And make with ease your exit there!

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.*

THE lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses.
Still closing with a rueful cry,
"Was ever such a wretch as I!"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumbered Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 374.

THE SNAIL.*

O grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermitlike, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 375.

THE CANTAB.*

WITH two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrowed, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipped, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither:
Through the fields and the towns; (see!) he scampers along,
And is looked at and laughed at by old and by young.
Till at length overspent, and his sides smeared with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all, in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise, shall he finish his route?
O scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you!
The advice that I give I have proved to be true,
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 377. A copy of this translation sent by Cowper to Unwin is now Addl. MS. Brit. Mus. 24,155, fol. 150.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.*

THE SPARTAN MOTHER BY JULIANUS.†

A SPARTAN, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;
His mother kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead;
For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, testifies a son!

ON THE SAME BY PALLADAS.‡

A SPARTAN 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive addressed:
"Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name,
While every breath that thou shalt draw
Offends against thy country's law;

* These translations were printed by Hayley, 1803, vol. II. pp. 304-321.
† Ibid. p. 304.
‡ Ibid.

But, if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed throughout the land,
To my dishonour, shall be known
The mother still of such a son;
But Sparta will be safe and free,
And that shall serve to comfort me."

AN EPITAPH.*

MY name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men—
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb—
Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.

ANOTHER.†

TAKE to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain
With much hard labour in thy service worn!
He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,
And he these olives that the vale adorn.
He filled with grain the glebe; the rills he led
Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers;
Thou, therefore earth! lie lightly on his head,
His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 305.
† Ibid.

ANOTHER.*

PAINTER, this likeness is too strong,
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

ANOTHER.†

AT threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

ON MELANIPPUS AND HIS SISTER, BY CALLIMACHUS.‡

AT morn we placed on his funereal bier
Young Melanippus; and at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.
Thus Aristippus mourned his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope, nor daughter more to embrace,
And all Cyrene saddened at his woe.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 306.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.

ON MILTIADES.*

MILTIADES! thy valour best
(Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest,
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN INFANT.†

BEWAIL not much, my parents! me, the prey
Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here.
An infant, in my fifth scarce finished year,
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

ON ARETIMIAS BY HERACLIDES.‡

IN Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.
His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.
And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 306.
† Ibid. p. 307.
‡ Ibid.

ON THE REED.*

I WAS of late a barren plant,
Useless, insignificant;
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
A native of the marshy shore;
But gathered for poetic use,
And plunged into a sable juice,
Of which my modicum I sip,
With narrow mouth and slender lip,
At once, although by nature dumb,
All eloquent I have become,
And speak with fluency untired,
As if by Phœbus' self inspired.

TO HEALTH.†

ELDEST born of powers divine!
Blessed Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live:
For in power if pleasure be,
Wealth, or numerous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in aught that heaven bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 307.
† Ibid. p. 308.

Of a respite from its cares;
These and every true delight
Flourish only in thy sight;
And the sister Graces three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never happiness.

ON THE ASTROLOGERS.*

THE astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
One only disagreed. But he was wise,
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.†

MYCILLA dyes her locks, 'tis said;
But 'tis a foul aspersion;
She buys them black; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

ON INVALIDS.‡

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 309.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.

ON FLATTERERS.*

NO mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.
And lulled into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

TO THE SWALLOW.†

ATTIC maid! with honey fed,
Bearest thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the spring!

Ah! for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said,
That a songster gasps and dies,
That a songster may be fed.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 309.
† Ibid. p. 310.

ON LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.*

POOR in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who naught enjoyed while young, denied the means;
And naught when old enjoyed, denied the power.

ON A TRUE FRIEND.†

HAST thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply,
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well managed, till you die.

ON A BATH, BY PLATO.‡

DID Cytherea to the skies
From this pellucid lymph arise?
Or was it Cythérea's touch,
When bathing here, that made it such?

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 310.
† Ibid. p. 311.
‡ Ibid.

ON A FOWLER, BY ISIODORUS.*

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
Eumelus gathered free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deigned to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeathed, his birdlime, and his snares.

ON NIOBE.†

CHARON! receive a family on board
Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl,
Apollo and Diana, for a word
By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

ON A GOOD MAN.‡

TRAVELLER, regret me not; for thou shalt find
Just cause of sorrow none in my decease.
Who, dying, children's children left behind,
And with one wife lived many a year in peace:

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 311.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid. p. 312.

Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three,
And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
Nor saw I one, of all derived from me,
Touched with disease, or torn by death away.
Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestowed,
And me, by blameless manners fitted well
To seek it, sent to the serene abode
Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

ON A MISER.*

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

ANOTHER.†

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive addressed:
"Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
"I owe this unexpected visit?"
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
"Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!
"I come to lodge, and not to board."

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 312.
† Ibid.

ANOTHER.*

ART thou some individual of a kind
Long lived by nature as the rook or hind?
Heap treasure, then, for if thy need be such,
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
But man thou seemest, clear therefore from thy breast
This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb,
To fatten with thy spoils thou knowest not whom?

ON FEMALE INCONSTANCY.†

RICH, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none,
So surely want extinguishes the flame,
And she who called thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where
In what strange country can thy parents live,
Who seemest, by thy complaints, not yet aware
That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 313.
† Ibid.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.*

HAPPY songster, perched above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king.
From thy perch survey the fields
Where prolific nature yields
Naught that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly—thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 314.

ON HERMOCRATIA.*

HERMOCRATIA named—save only one—
'Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried none;
For neither Phœbus pierced my thriving joys,
Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys.
But Dian rather, when my daughters lay
In parturition, chased their pangs away.
And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty, shared
A vigorous youth, by sickness unimpaired.
O Niobe! far less prolific! see
Thy boast against Latona shamed by me!

WHAT WEALTH CANNOT BUY,

FROM MENANDER.†

FOND youth! who dreamest that hoarded gold
Is needful, not alone to pay
For all thy various items sold,
To serve the wants of every day;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
For savoury viands seasoned high;
But somewhat more important yet—
I tell thee what it cannot buy.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 315.
† Ibid.

No treasure, hadst thou more amassed
Than fame to Tantalus assigned,
Would save thee from a tomb at last,
But thou must leave it all behind.

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise;
Confide not vainly in thy store,
However large—much less despise
Others comparatively poor;

But in thy more exalted state
A just and equal temper show,
That all who see thee rich and great
May deem thee worthy to be so.

ON PALLAS BATHING, FROM A HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.*

NOR oils of balmy scent produce,
Nor mirror for Minerva's use,
Ye nymphs who lave her; she, arrayed
In genuine beauty, scorns their aid.
Not even when they left the skies
To seek on Ida's head the prize
From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,
Or Pallas in the crystal plain
Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,
Or in the mirror's polished face,
Though Venus oft with anxious care
Adjusted twice a single hair.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 316.

ON A FLATTERING MIRROR, TO DEMOSTHENES.*

IT flatters and deceives thy view,
This mirror of ill-polished ore;
For were it just, and told thee true,
Thou wouldst consult it never more.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER.†

YOU give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labour will efface 'em,
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 317.
† Ibid.

ON AN UGLY FELLOW.*

BEWARE, my friend! of crystal brook,
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
As self-enamoured he.

ON A BATTERED BEAUTY.†

HAIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth you buy,
A multifarious store!
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

ON A THIEF.‡

WHEN Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
Of Hermes, swift-winged envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,
And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
"Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 317.
† Ibid. p. 318.
‡ Ibid.

ON PEDIGREE, FROM EPICHARMUS.*

MY mother! if thou love me, name no more
My noble birth! Sounding at every breath
My noble birth, thou killest me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides; they boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and, from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name
Derived from no forefathers? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that, native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy deprived
Of all his kindred, one, who cannot trace
His origin, exist, why *deem him sprung*
From baser ancestry than *theirs who can?*
My mother! he whom *nature at his birth*
Endowed with virtuous qualities, *although*
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

ON ENVY.†

PITY, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard;
Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee!

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 318.
† Ibid. p. 319.

Pity to distress is shown,
Envy to the great alone—
So the Theban—But to shine
Less conspicuous be mine!
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between;
For alarm and peril wait
Ever on the loftiest state,
And the lowest to the end
Obloquy and scorn attend.

ON IMMODERATE GRIEF, BY PHILEMON.*

FT we enhance our ills by discontent,
And give them bulk beyond what nature meant,
A parent, brother, friend deceased, to cry—
"He's dead indeed, but he was born to die"—
Such temperate grief is suited to the size
And burthen of the loss; is just and wise.
But to exclaim, "Ah! wherefore was I born,
"Thus to be left for ever thus forlorn?"
Who thus laments his loss invites distress,
And magnifies a woe that might be less,
Through dull despondence to his lot resigned,
And leaving reason's remedy behind.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 320.

ON THE TEACHING OF CUPID, BY MOSCHUS.*

I SLEPT when Venus entered: to my bed
A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led.
A bashful seeming boy, and thus she said:
"Shepherd, receive my little one! I bring
"An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."
She said, and left him. I, suspecting naught,
Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,
How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,
How Pallas formed the pipe of softest sound,
How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire
Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.
Such were my themes; my themes naught heeded he,
But ditties sang of amorous sort to me,
The pangs that mortals and immortals prove
From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.
Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught;
His lessons I retained, and mine forgot.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 320.

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.*

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.†

THOU mayst of double ignorance boast,
Who knowest not that thou nothing knowest.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.‡

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dovelike be,
And serpentlike, that none may injure thee!

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.§

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

* These translations were printed by Hayley, 1803, vol. II. pp. 379-381. Hayley printed at the same time the original Latin of Owen, who was the well-known epigrammatist of the reign of James I.

† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 379.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.*

WHEN little more than boy in age,
I deemed myself almost a sage:
But now seem worthier to be styled,
For ignorance, almost a child.

RETALIATION.†

THE works of ancient bards divine,
Aulus, thou scornest to read;
And should posterity read thine,
It would be strange indeed!

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.‡

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines
Thy day of resurrection!

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 380.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid. p. 381.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.*

LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.†

LUSUS amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu fit,
Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.
Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ
Tutamen novit, deliciasque domûs:
Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat, amicus,
Mirum est huic misero si ferat ullus opem.
Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus
Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, lepus.
Ille, quot in sylvis et quot spatiantur in agris
Quadrupedes, nôrat conciliare sibi;
Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quenquam
Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.
Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,
Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,
Venatorum audit clangores ponè sequentem,
Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.
Utque canes fallat latè circumvagus, illuc,
Undè abiit, mirâ calliditate redit;

* Hayley published these translations in 1803, vol. II. pp. 390-394.

† Ibid. p. 390.

Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro
In mediâ miserum semianimemque viâ.
Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe
Quam lætâ adventu cor agitatur equi!
Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque
Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.
Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit—fidus amicus
Fert quodcunque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.
Belle miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara
Omnia quæ tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.
Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bonique
Adveniunt, quorum sis citò salvus ope.
Proximus armenti dominus bos solicitatus
Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.
Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum
Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi,
Libertate æquus, quam cedit amicus amico,
Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam;
Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acervum
Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juvenca manet;
Et quis non ultro quæcunque negotia linquit,
Pareat ut dominæ, cum vocat ipsa suæ?
Neu me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,
Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest.
Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina languent!
Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet!
Hirsutum mihi tergum; et forsan læserit ægrum,
Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.
Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans
Sustineo lanæ pondera tanta meæ;
Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque

Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.
Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur,
Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.
Remne ego, respondet vitulus, suscepero tantam,
Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natus heri?
Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,
Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego?
Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis
Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.
Ignoscas oro. Fidissima dissociantur
Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.
Ecce autem ad calces canis est! te quanta perempto
Tristitia est nobis ingruitura!—Vale!

AVARUS ET PLUTUS.*

CTA fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus
Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.
Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque
Respicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit;
Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,
Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.
Dein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam
Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.
Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes
Queis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 392.

Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans
Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat;
O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,
Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum!
Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis; et aurum
Quid contra vitii tormina sæva valet?
O inimicum aurum! O homini infestissima pestis;
Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas?
Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid honestum est,
Et præter nomen nil retinere boni.
Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit;
Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.
Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum
Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque suum sibi numen
Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
Ostendens; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis aures?
Ista tui similis tristia quisque canit.
Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.
Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
Criminibus fiunt perniciosa tuis?
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus
Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.
Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum
Et dirum subito vergit ad imperium.

Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam,
  Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.
Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco
  Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.
Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar
  Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat:
Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovet, educat orbos,
  Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat.
Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,
  Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit?
Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox
  Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.

PAPILIO ET LIMAX.*

QUI subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,
Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 394.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII. LINE 18.*

THUS Italy was moved—nor did the chief
Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
On every side his anxious thought he turns,
Restless, unfixed, not knowing what to choose.
And as a cistern that in brim of brass
Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun
Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
The quivering light now flashes on the walls,
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
Such were the wavering motions of his mind.
'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest.
The birds, the bleating flocks, were heard no more.
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
The father of his country sought repose.
When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs,
Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crowned:
And these his gracious words to soothe his care:

* Published in 1815 by Dr. John Johnson in his vol. III. of the collected Poems; 8vo. pp. 39-60; 12mo. pp. 28-43.

"Heaven-born, who bringest our kindred home again,
Rescued, and givest eternity to Troy,
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
Expected thee; behold thy fixed abode.
Fear not the threats of war, the storm is passed,
The gods appeased. For proof that what thou hearest
Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,
A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,
Shall greet thy wondering eyes. Mark well the place;
For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils:
There, twice ten years elapsed, fair Alba's walls
Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach
The means to accomplish these events at hand.
The Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,
Following Evander's standard and his fate,
High on these mountains, a well chosen spot,
Have built a city, for their grandsire's sake
Named Pallanteum. These perpetual war
Wage with the Latians: joined in faithful league
And arms confederate, add them to your camp.
Myself between my winding banks will speed
Your well oared barks to stem the opposing tide.
Rise, goddess-born, arise; and with the first
Declining stars seek Juno in thy prayer,
And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
When conquest crowns thee, then remember me.
I am the Tiber, whose cærulean stream
Heaven favours; I with copious flood divide

These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads.
My mansion, this—and lofty cities crown
My fountain head."—He spoke and sought the deep,
And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.
Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,
And, rising, with uplifted eye beheld
The orient sun, then dipped his palms, and scooped
The brimming stream, and thus addressed the skies:
" Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the source
Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,
O Tiber! hear, accept me, and afford,
At length afford, a shelter from my woes.
Where'er in secret cavern under ground
Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,
Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,
My offerings and my vows shall wait thee still:
Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,
Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."
He said, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.
When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,
The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,
Lay stretched upon the bank, beneath the grove.
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.
That livelong night old Tiber smoothed his flood,
And so restrained it that it seemed to stand
Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,
That not a billow might resist their oars.
With cheerful sound of exhortation soon
Their voyage they begin; the pitchy keel
Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet stream

Admires the unwonted burthen that it bears,
Well polished arms, and vessels painted gay.
Beneath the shade of various trees, between
The umbrageous branches of the spreading groves,
They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night
They slack their course, unwinding as they go
The long meanders of the peaceful tide.
The glowing sun was in meridian height,
When from afar they saw the humble walls,
And the few scattered cottages, which now
The Roman power has equalled with the clouds;
But such was then Evander's scant domain.
They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.
It chanced the Arcadian monarch on that day,
Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
Alcides and his tutelary gods.
Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief
Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,
His poor but venerable senate, burnt
Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.
Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,
Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.
But Pallas undismayed, his javelin seized,
Rushed to the bank, and from a rising ground
Forbade them to disturb the sacred rites.
"Ye stranger youth! What prompts you to explore
This untried way? and whither do ye steer?
Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"
Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth
The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies:

" Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,
Whom they with unprovoked hostilities
Have driven away, thou seest. We seek Evander—
Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs
Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."
Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,
And, " Whosoe'er thou art," he cried, " come forth;
Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,
And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."
He said, and pressed the stranger to his breast:
Then led him from the river to the grove,
Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:
" Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow
(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth
In sign of amity this peaceful branch,
I feared thee not, although I knew thee well
A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,
And kinsman of the Atridæ. Me my virtue,
That means no wrong to thee, the Oracles,
Our kindred families allied of old,
And thy renown diffused through every land,
Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,
And send me not unwilling to thy shores.
Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,
(So say the Greeks) was fair Electra's son;
Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
Whose shoulders high sustain the æthereal orbs.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,
Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
Atlas of yore, the selfsame Atlas, claimed
His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
Thy race and ours one common sire confess.

With these credentials fraught, I would not send
Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
And win thee by degrees—but came myself—
Me, therefore, me thou seest; my life the stake:
'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.
Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
Prevail to conquer us, naught then, they think,
Will hinder but Hesperia must be theirs,
All theirs, from the upper to the nether sea.
Take then our friendship, and return us thine.
We too have courage, we have noble minds,
And youth well tried, and exercised in arms."

Thus spoke Æneas;—He with fixed regard
Surveyed him speaking, features, form, and mien.
Then briefly thus—" Thou noblest of thy name,
How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!
In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,
Thy voice, thy countenance. For I well remember
Many a day since, when Priam journeyed forth
To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
Hesione, his sister, he pushed on
Even to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then
The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;
Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much
Their king, the son of great Laomedon,
But most Anchises, towering o'er them all.
A youthful longing seized me to accost
The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,
And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
Departing, he distinguished me with gifts,
A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
A robe inwove with gold, with gold embossed,

Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
The friendly league thou hast solicited
I give thee, therefore, and to-morrow all
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate
These annual rites, which may not be delayed,
And be at once familiar at our board."
He said, and bade replace the feast removed;
Himself upon a grassy bank disposed
The crew; but for Æneas ordered forth
A couch spread with a lion's tawny shag,
And bade him share the honours of his throne.
The appointed youth with glad alacrity
Assist the labouring priest to load the board
With roasted entrails of the slaughtered beeves,
Well kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well pleased,
Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
On the huge length of a well pastured chine.
Hunger appeased, and tables all despatched,
Thus spake Evander: "Superstition here,
In this old solemn feasting, has no part.
No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger saved,
In gratitude this worship we renew.
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
Those bulks of broken stone dispersed around,
How desolate the shattered cave appears,
And what a ruin spreads the encumbered plain.
Within this pile, but far within, was once
The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form
That shunned the day, half monster and half man.
Blood newly shed streamed ever on the ground

Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
Nailed at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
Vulcan begot the brute: vast was his size,
And from his throat he belched his father's fires.
But the day came that brought us what we wished,
The assistance and the presence of a God.
Flushed with his victory, and the spoils he won
From triple-formed Geryon lately slain,
The great avenger, Hercules, appeared.
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and poured
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail
He dragged them to his den, that, there concealed,
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
And now his herd with provender sufficed,
Alcides would be gone: they as they went
Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods
And distant hills resound: when hark! one ox,
Imprisoned close within the vast recess,
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
Then fury seizèd Alcides, and his breast
With indignation heaved: grasping his club
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain top
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,
And dread, increasing, winged him as he went.
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate,
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,
He burst the chains, and dropped it at the door,

Then grappled it with iron work within
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge
Came Hercules; he gnashed his teeth with rage,
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around
In quest of entrance. Fiery red and stung
With indignation, thrice he wheeled his course
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain,
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,
That high o'erlooked the rest, close at the back
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.
This, as it leaned obliquely to the left,
Threatening the stream below, he from the right
Pushed with his utmost strength, and to and fro
He shook the mass, loosening its lowest base;
Then shoved it from its seat; down fell the pile;
Sky thundered at the fall; the banks give way,
The affrighted stream flows upward to his source.
Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance
Earth yawning to the centre should disclose
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
Loathed by the gods, such would the gulf appear,
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
The monster braying with unusual din
Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
To see such sudden inroads of the light,
Alcides pressed him close with what at hand
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
Of millstone size. He, (for escape was none)

Wondrous to tell! forth from his gorge discharged
A smoky cloud that darkened all the den;
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain,
The smothering vapour mixed with fiery sparks.
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
The hero, more provoked, endured not this,
But with a headlong leap he rushed to where
The thickest cloud enveloped his abode.
There grasped he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
Till crushed within his arms, the monster shows
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
And his pressed eyeballs start. Soon he tears down
The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
Lies open; and the imprisoned bulls, the theft
He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
By the heels the miscreant carcass is dragged forth,
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
Are viewed with wonder never to be cloyed.
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence
This festal day. Potitius first enjoined
Posterity these solemn rites; he first
With those who bear the great Pinarian name
To Hercules devoted, in the grove
This altar built, deemed sacred in the highest
By us, and sacred ever to be deemed.
Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows
In praise of such deliverance, and hold forth
The brimming cup; your deities and ours
Are now the same, then drink, and freely too."
So saying, he twisted round his reverend locks
A variegated poplar wreath, and filled

His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
At once all pour libations on the board,
All offer prayer. And now the radiant sphere
Of day descending, eventide drew near.
When first Potitius with the priests advanced,
Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.
High piled with meats of savoury taste, they ranged
The chargers, and renewed the grateful feast.
Then came the Salii, crowned with poplar too,
Circling the blazing altars; here the youth
Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
The reverend seers responsive; praise they sung,
Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds;
How first with infant gripe two serpents huge
He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
How Troja and Œchalia he destroyed,
Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
Beneath Eurystheus (so his stepdame willed)
Achieved victorious. "Thou, the cloud-born pair,
Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,
Thou slewest the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
And the vast lion of the Nemean rock,
Thee hell, and Cerberus, hell's porter, feared,
Stretched in his den upon his half gnawed bones.
Thee no abhorred form, not even the vast
Typhœus could appal, though clad in arms.
Hail, true born son of Jove, among the gods
At length enrolled, nor least illustrious thou,
Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs:"—
Thus hymned the chorus; above all they sing
The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breathed.
The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.
The rites performed, all hasten to the town.

The king, bending with age, held as he went
Æneas, and his Pallas by the hand,
With much variety of pleasing talk
Shortening the way. Æneas, with a smile,
Looks round him, charmed with the delightful scene,
And many a question asks, and much he learns
Of heroes far renowned in ancient times.
Then spake Evander. "These extensive groves
Were once inhabited by fawns and nymphs
Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
The steer, with forecast provident to store
The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,
But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,
Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
An exile from Olympus, and expelled
His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,
First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
This herd of men untractable and fierce,
And gave them laws: and called his hiding place,
This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
His land possessed, the golden age was then,
So famed in story; till by slow degrees
Far other times, and of far different hue,
Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
From Sicily, and Latium often changed
Her master and her name. At length arose
Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form
Was chief; and we Italians since have called
The river by his name; thus Albula

(So was the country called in ancient days)
Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
An exile, through the dangerous ocean driven,
Resistless fortune and relentless fate,
Placed where thou seest me. Phœbus, and
The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
Attendant on my wanderings, fixed me here."

[Ten lines omitted.]

He said, and showed him the Tarpeian rock,
And the rude spot where now the capitol
Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet even then
The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe;
The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
"This grove," he said, "that crowns the lofty top
Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.
The Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,
That they have often seen him, shaking here
His gloomy Ægis, while the thunder storms
Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
Behold that ruin; those dismantled walls,
Where once two towns, Janiculum ——,
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
Saturnia." Such discourse brought them beneath
The roof of poor Evander; thence they saw,
Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
The grazing herds wide scattered o'er the field.
Soon as he entered—"Hercules," he said,
"Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
These walls contained him, humble as they are.
Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,

Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode."
So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,
And placed him on a cushion stuffed with leaves,
Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employed,
Awakened by the gentle dawn of day,
And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves
Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,
And his good sword well girded to his side,
A panther's skin dependent from his left,
And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
Thus was he clad. Two mastiffs followed him,
His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

THE SALAD, BY VIRGIL.*

THE winter night now well nigh worn away,
The wakeful cock proclaimed approaching day,

* Published by Hayley in 1803, vol. II. pp. 338-344. He prefixed the following observations:—"This singular poem, which the learned and judicious Heyne seems inclined to think a translation of Virgil's from the Greek of Parthenius, was translated into English by Cowper, during his depressive malady, June 1799."

When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
Yawned, stretched his limbs, and anxious to provide
Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
By slow degrees his tattered bed forsook,
And poking in the dark, explored the nook
Where embers slept with ashes heaped around,
And with burnt fingers-ends the treasure found.
It chanced that from a brand beneath his nose,
Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose;
When trimming with a pin the incrusted tow,
And stooping it towards the coals below,
He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
The lingering flame, and gains at length a light.
With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
The quivering lamp, and opes his granary door.
Small was his stock, but taking for the day
A measured stint of twice eight pounds away,
With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
Fixed in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
Then baring both his arms—a sleeveless coat
He girds, the rough exuviæ of a goat:
And with a rubber, for that use designed,
Cleansing his mill within—begins to grind;
Each hand has its employ; labouring amain,
This turns the winch, while that supplies the grain.
The stone revolving rapidly, now glows,
And the bruised corn a mealy current flows;
While he to make his heavy labour light,
Takes oft his left hand to relieve his right;
And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
And now, "Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;

But Cybale, still slumbering, naught replies.
From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
Whose face and form alike her birth betrayed.
With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
Chapped into chinks, and parched with solar heat.
Such, summoned oft, she came; at his command
Fresh fuel heaped, the sleeping embers fanned,
And made in haste her simmering skillet steam,
Replenished newly from the neighbouring stream.
The labours of the mill performed, a sieve
The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
Which shaken oft shoots Ceres through refined,
And better dressed, her husks all left behind.
This done at once, his future plain repast
Unleavened on a shaven board he cast,
With tepid lymph first largely soaked it all,
Then gathered it with both hands to a ball,
And spreading it again with both hands wide,
With sprinkled salt the stiffened mass supplied;
At length the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
Takes from his palms impressed the shape it ought,
Becomes an orb—and quartered into shares,
The faithful mark of just division bears.
Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
For Cybale before had swept the place,
And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
She leaves it—reeking in its sultry bed.
Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus alone
His part performed, proves heedless of his own,
But sedulous, not merely to subdue
His hunger, but to please his palate too,

Prepares more savoury food. His chimney side
Could boast no gammon, salted well and dried,
And hooked behind him; but sufficient store
Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore;
A broad round cheese, which, through its centre strung
With a tough broom twig, in the corner hung;
The prudent hero, therefore, with address
And quick dispatch, now seeks another mess.
Close to his cottage lay a garden ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around:
Small was the spot, but liberal to produce;
Nor wanted aught that serves a peasant's use,
And sometimes even the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was his sole expense.
For oft as from his toils abroad he ceased,
Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,
His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
To drill the ground and cover close the seeds;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn and wind obedient to his will.
There flourished star-wort, and the branching beet,
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;
But these (for none his appetite controlled
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustic sold;
With broom twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the public mart:

Whence laden still, but with a lighter load,
Of cash well earned, he took his homeward road,
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
His gains in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,
Or the curled endive's bitter leaf he fed:
On scallions sliced, or with a sensual gust,
On rockets—foul provocatives of lust!
Nor even shunned with smarting gums to press
Nasturtium—pungent face-distorting mess!
Some such regale now also in his thought,
With hasty steps his garden ground he sought;
There delving with his hands, he first displaced
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast;
The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
Then the old rue bush shudders as he pulls;
And coriander last to these succeeds,
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.
Placed near his sprightly fire, he now demands
The mortar at his sable servant's hands;
When stripping all his garlick first, he tore
The exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
Then cast away with like contempt the skin,
Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
These searched, and perfect found, he one by one
Rinsed, and disposed within the hollow stone.
Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
With his injected herbs he covered these,
And tucking with his left his tunic tight,
And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
The garlick bruising first he soon expressed,
And mixed the various juices of the rest.
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below,

Lost in each other, their own powers forego,
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.
His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,
He cursed full oft his dinner for its scent;
Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
The trickling tears, cried "Vengeance on the smoke!"
The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow;
With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,
Some drops of olive oil he next instils.
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
And gathering to a ball the medley mess,
Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side.
And thus complete in figure and in kind,
Obtains at length the salad he designed.
And now black Cybale before him stands,
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,
He glad receives it, chasing far away
All fears of famine for the passing day;
His legs enclosed in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yoked his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plunged the pointed share.

TRANSLATION FROM OVID.*

TRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

Scribis, ut oblectem.

YOU bid me write to amuse the tedious hours,
And save from withering my poetic powers;
Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
From the free mind, not fettered down by woe;
Restless amidst unceasing tempests tossed,
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain,
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?
Does grief or study most befit the mind
To this remote, this barbarous nook confined?
Could you impart to my unshaken breast
The fortitude by Socrates possessed,
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
For what is human strength to wrath divine?
Wise as he was, and heaven pronounced him so,
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.
Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And even the offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.

* Published by Dr. John Johnson in his vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 61; 12mo. p. 43.

Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil impoverished by neglect;
Unexercised, and to his stall confined,
The fleetest racer would be left behind;
The best built bark that cleaves the watery way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius, and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse constrained to move with measured feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame,
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because the world approved my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again?
No, let the Nine the ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,
And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
The victim of my own pernicious art,
Fool that I was to be so warned in vain,
And shipwrecked once, to tempt the deep again.
Ill fares the bard in this unlettered land,
None to consult, and none to understand.
The purest verse has no admirers here,

Their own rude language only suits their ear.
Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
I learn it, and almost unlearn my own—
Yet to say truth, even here the Muse disdains
Confinement, and attempts her former strains,
But finds the strong desire is not the power,
And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.
A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
And though unworthy, finds a friend at Rome;
But oh the cruel art, that could undo
Its votary thus! would that could perish too!

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.*

LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; . . . . .

SEEST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams, congealed, forget to flow,
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth;
Broach the best cask, and make old winter smile
With seasonable mirth.

* These translations from Odes of Horace were published by Dr. John Johnson in vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. pp. 125-130; 12mo. pp. 89-93. The first of them will be found at pp. 125 and 89 of the two Editions respectively.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest;
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
When to-morrow's passed away,
We at least shall have to say,
We have lived another day;
Your auburn locks will soon be silvered o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.*

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

BOY, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.
Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 126; 12mo. p. 98.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME ODE.*

BOY! I detest all Persian fopperies,
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting;
Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
Where latest roses linger,
Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

LIB. II. ODE XVI.†

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

EASE is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

* Dr. John Johnson notes upon this second translation, "English Sapphics have been attempted, but with little success, because in our language we have no certain rules to determine the quantity. The following version was made merely in the way of experiment how far it might be possible to imitate a Latin Sapphic in English without any attention to that circumstance." Poems, 1815, vol. III. 8vo. p. 127; 12mo. p. 91.

† Ibid., 8vo. p. 128; 12mo. p. 91.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
  For ease the Thracian hero sighs,
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
  A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
  Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
  The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
  A few clean ounces of old plate,
No fear intrudes on his repose,
  No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short lived things, what plans we lay!
  Ah, why forsake our native home!
To distant climates speed away;
  For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
  The well rigged ship, the warlike steed,
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
  Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
  Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
  No blessing is unmixed below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
  Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
  Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestowed
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.*

A HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTHORS JOURNEY FROM ROME TO BRUNDUSIUM.

'TWAS a long journey lay before us,
When I and honest Heliodorus,
(Who far in point of rhetoric
Surpasses every living Greek,)
Each leaving our respective home,
Together sallied forth from Rome.
First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh, and pass the night;
Our entertainment? rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.
Thence o'er the causeway, soft and fair,
To Appii Forum we repair.
But as this road is well supplied
(Temptation strong!) on either side

* Published in Duncombe's Horace, 8vo., 1757-9, vol. ii. p. 107. This and the following poem constituted the assistance to the Duncombes, which is enumerated in our Memoir (vol. i. p. xxxiii.) as among Cowper's earliest published literary efforts.

With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
We split the journey, and perform
In two days' time what's often done
By brisker travellers in one.
  Here, rather choosing not to sup
Than with bad water mix my cup,
After a warm debate, in spite
Of a provoking appetite,
I sturdily resolve at last
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
And in a moody humour wait,
While my less dainty comrades bait.
  Now, o'er the spangled hemisphere
Diffused, the starry train appear,
When there arose a desperate brawl;
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
Rending their throats (have mercy on us!)
As if they were resolved to stun us.
"Steer the barge this way to the shore!"
"I tell you we'll admit no more;—
"Plague! will you never be content?"
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,
While they receive the several fares,
And kick the mule into his gears.
Happy, these difficulties past,
Could we have fallen asleep at last!
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,
These tuneful natives of the lake
Conspired to keep us broad awake.
Besides, to make the concert full,
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,
The bargeman and a passenger,

Each in his turn essayed an air
In honour of his absent fair.
At length the passenger, oppressed
With wine, left off, and snored the rest.
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,
And hearing his companion snore,
Seized the occasion, fixed the barge,
Turnéd out his mule to graze at large,
And slept, forgetful of his charge.
And now the sun o'er eastern hill
Discovered that our barge stood still;
When one, whose anger vexed him sore,
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore;
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
Assails the mule and driver's back.
Then, slowly moving on with pain,
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy wave
Our hands and faces gladly lave.
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height
We reach, with stony quarries white.
While here, as was agreed, we wait,
Till, charged with business of the State,
Mæcenas and Cocceius come
(The messengers of peace) from Rome.
My eyes, by watery humours blear
And sore, I with black balsam smear.
At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;
A man of such complete desert,
Antony loved him at his heart.
At Fundi we refused to bait,
And laughed at vain Aufidius' state,

A prætor now, a scribe before,
The purple-bordered robe he wore,
His slave the smoking censer bore.
Tired, at Muræna's we repose,
At Formia sup at Capito's.
With smiles the rising morn we greet,
At Sinuessa pleased to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
The world no purer spirit knows,
For none my heart more warmly glows.
Oh! what embraces we bestowed,
And with what joy our breasts o'erflowed!
Sure, while my sense is sound and clear,
Long as I live, I shall prefer
A gay, goodnatured, easy friend,
To every blessing Heaven can send.
At a small village the next night,
Near the Vulturnus, we alight;
Where, as employed on state affairs,
We were supplied by the purveyors
Frankly at once, and without hire,
With food for man and horse, and fire.
Capua next day betimes we reach,
Where Virgil and myself, who each
Laboured with different maladies,
His such a stomach, mine such eyes,
As would not bear strong exercise,
In drowsy mood to sleep resort;
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
Next at Cocceius' farm we are treated,
Above the Caudian tavern seated;
His kind and hospitable board

With choice of wholesome food was stored.
Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays!
To nobler themes my Fancy raise!
Two combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
A poet's tribute to their fame;
Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away—we don't defame him,
His lady lives, and still may claim him.
Thus dignified, in hardy fray
These champions their keen wit display,
And first Sarmentus led the way.
" Thy locks," quoth he, " so rough and coarse,
" Look like the mane of some wild horse."
We laugh: Cicirrus undismayed—
" Have at you!"—cries, and shakes his head.
" 'Tis well," Sarmentus says, " you've lost
" That horn your forehead once could boast;
" Since, maimed and mangled as you are,
" You seem to butt." A hideous scar
Improved, 'tis true, with double grace
The native horrors of his face.
Well; after much jocosely said
Of his grim front, so fiery red,
(For carbuncles had blotched it o'er,
As usual on Campania's shore)
" Give us," he cried, " since you're so big,
" A sample of the Cyclops' jig!
" Your shanks methinks no buskins ask,
" Nor does your phiz require a mask."
To this Cicirrus: " In return,

" Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,
" When 'twas, no longer deemed a slave,
" Your chains you to the Lares gave?
" For though a scrivener's right you claim,
" Your lady's title is the same.
" But what could make you run away,
" Since, pigmy as you are, each day
" A single pound of bread would quite
" O'erpower your puny appetite?"
Thus joked the champions, while we laughed,
And many a cheerful bumper quaffed.
To Beneventum next we steer;
Where our good host, by over-care
In roasting thrushes, lean as mice,
Had almost fallen a sacrifice.
The kitchen soon was all on fire,
And to the roof the flames aspire;
There might you see each man and master
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,
To save the supper, then they came
With speed enough to quench the flame.
From hence we first at distance see
The Apulian hills, well known to me,
Parched by the sultry western blast;
And, which we never should have past,
Had not Trivicus by the way
Received us at the close of day.
But each was forced at entering here
To pay the tribute of a tear,
For more of smoke than fire was seen,
The hearth was piled with logs so green.
From hence in chaises we were carried
Miles twenty four, and gladly tarried

At a small town, whose name my verse
(So barbarous is it) can't rehearse.
Know it you may by many a sign;
Water is dearer far than wine;
There bread is deemed such dainty fare,
That every prudent traveller
His wallet loads with many a crust;
For at Canusium, you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a stone,
As think to get a morsel down.
That too with scanty streams is fed;
Its founder was brave Diomed.
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching heart.
At Rubi we arrived that day,
Well jaded by the length of way.
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter:
Next day no weather could be better,
No roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy Barium's wall.
The Egnatians next, who by the rules
Of common sense are knaves or fools,
Made all our sides with laughter heave,
Since we with them must needs believe
That incense in their temples burns,
And without fire to ashes turns.
To circumcision's bigots tell
Such tales! For me, I know full well
That in high heaven, unmoved by care,
The gods eternal quiet share:
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause,
Why fickle Nature breaks her laws.
Brundusium last we reach: and there
Stop short the Muse and traveller.

THE NINTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE, ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

SAUNTERING along the street one day,
On trifles musing by the way,
Up steps a free familiar wight,
(I scarcely knew the man by sight)
" Carlos," he cried, " your hand, my dear,
" Gad, I rejoice to meet you here!
" Pray heaven I see you well!" " So so;
" E'en well enough as times now go.
" The same good wishes, Sir, to you!"
Finding he still pursued me close,
" Sir, you have business I suppose."
" My business, Sir, is quickly done,
" 'Tis but to make my merit known.
" Sir, I have read"—" O learned Sir!
" You and your reading I revere."
Then sweating with anxiety,
And sadly longing to get free,
Gods! how I scampered, scuffled for't,
Ran, halted, ran again, stopped short,
Beckoned my boy, and pulled him near,
And whispered nothing in his ear.
Teased with his loose unjointed chat—

* Duncombe's Horace, 8vo. 1757-9, vol. II. p. 147.

" What street is this? Whose house is that?"
O Harlow! how I envied thee
Thy unabashed effrontery,
Who darest a foe with freedom blame,
And call a coxcomb by his name!
When I returned him answer none,
Obligingly the fool ran on,
" I see you are dismally distressed,
" Would give the world to be released.
" But by your leave, Sir, I shall still
" Stick to your skirts, do what you will.
" Pray which way does your journey tend?"
" Oh! 'tis a tedious way, my friend;
" Across the Thames, the Lord knows where,
" I would not trouble you so far."
" Well, I'm at leisure to attend you."
" Are you?" thought I, " the de'il befriend you!"
No ass with double panniers racked,
Oppressed, o'erladen, broken-backed,
E'er looked a thousandth part so dull
As I, nor half so like a fool.
" Sir, I know little of myself,"
(Proceeds the pert conceited elf)
" If Gray or Mason you will deem
" Than me more worthy your esteem.
" Poems I write by folios
" As fast as other men write prose;
" Then I can sing so loud, so clear,
" That Beard cannot with me compare;
" In dancing too I all surpass,
" Not Cooke can move with such a grace."
Here I made shift with much ado
To interpose a word or two.—

" Have you no parents, Sir? No friends,
" Whose welfare on your own depends?"
" Parents, relations, say you? No.
" They're all disposed of long ago."—
" Happy to be no more perplexed!
" My fate too threatens, I go next.
" Dispatch me, Sir, 'tis now too late,
" Alas! to struggle with my fate!
" Well, I'm convinced my time is come;
" When young, a gypsy told my doom,
" The beldame shook her palsied head,
" As she perused my palm, and said,
" Of poisons, pestilence, or war,
" Gout, stone, defluxion, or catarrh,
" You have no reason to beware.
" Beware the coxcomb's idle prate;
" Chiefly, my son, beware of that.
" Be sure, when you behold him, fly
" Out of all earshot, or you die."
To Rufus' Hall, we now drew near!
Where he was summoned to appear,
Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,
Or suffer judgment by default.
" For Heaven's sake, if you love me, wait
" One moment! I'll be with you straight."
Glad of a plausible pretence—
" Sir, I must beg you to dispense
" With my attendance in the court.
" My legs will surely suffer for't."
" Nay, prithee, Carlos, stop awhile!"
" Faith, Sir, in law I have no skill.
" Besides, I have no time to spare,
" I must be going you know where."

" Well, I protest, I'm doubtful now
" Whether to leave my suit or you!"
" Me, without scruple!" I reply,
" Me, by all means, Sir!"—" No, not I!
" *Allons, Monsieur!*" 'Twere vain, you know,
To strive with a victorious foe,
So I reluctantly obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
" You and Newcastle are so close,
" Still hand and glove, Sir, I suppose."—
" Newcastle, let me tell you, Sir,
" Has not his equal everywhere."
" Well! There indeed your fortune's made.
" Faith, Sir, you understand your trade.
" Would you but give me your good word:
" Just introduce me to my lord,
" I should serve charmingly, by way
" Of second fiddle, as they say:
" What think you, Sir? 'twere a good jest.
" 'Slife! we should quickly scout the rest."
" Sir, you mistake the matter far,
" We have no second fiddles there—
" Richer than I some folks may be;
" More learned, but it hurts not me.
" Friends though he has of different kind,
" Each has his proper place assigned."
" Strange matters these, alleged by you!"
" Strange they may be, but they are true."—
" Well then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,
" Now I long ten times more than ever
" To be advanced extremely near
" One of his shining character."
" Have but the will—there wants no more,

" 'Tis plain enough you have the power.
" His easy temper (that's the worst)
" He knows, and so is shy at first.—
" But such a cavalier as you—
" Lord, Sir! you'll quickly bring him to!"—
" Well! if I fail in my design,
" Sir, it shall be no fault of mine.
" If by the saucy servile tribe
" Denied, what think you of a bribe?
" Shut out to-day, not die with sorrow,
" But try my luck again to-morrow.
" Never attempt to visit him
" But at the most convenient time,
" Attend him on each levee day,
" And there my humble duty pay.
" Labour, like this, our want supplies;
" And they must stoop who mean to rise."
While thus he wittily harangued,
For which you'll guess I wished him hanged,
Campley, a friend of mine, came by,
Who knew his humour more than I;
We stop, salute, and—" Why so fast,
" Friend Carlos? Whither all this haste?"—
Fired at the thoughts of a reprieve,
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his sleeve,
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,
Do everything but speak plain out:
While he, sad dog, from the beginning
Determined to mistake my meaning,
Instead of pitying my curse,
By jeering made it ten times worse.
" Campley, what secret (pray!) was that
" You wanted to communicate?"

" I recollect. But 'tis no matter.
" Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter.
" E'en let the secret rest. 'Twill tell
" Another time, Sir, just as well."
Was ever such a dismal day?
Unlucky cur! he steals away,
And leaves me, half bereft of life,
At mercy of the butcher's knife;
When sudden, shouting from afar,
See his antagonist appear!
The bailiff seized him, quick as thought,
" Ho, Mr. Scoundrel! are you caught?
" Sir, you are witness to the arrest."
" Ay, marry, Sir, I'll do my best."
The mob huzzas;—away they trudge,
Culprit and all, before the judge.
Meanwhile, I luckily enough
(Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.

EARLY POEMS.*

OF HIMSELF.

WILLIAM was once a bashful youth;
His modesty was such,
That one might say, (to say the truth)
He rather had too much.

Some said that it was want of sense,
And others, want of spirit,
(So blest a thing is impudence)
While others could not bear it.

But some a different notion had,
And at each other winking,
Observed that though he little said,
He paid it off with thinking.

Howe'er, it happened, by degrees,
He mended and grew perter;

* These Early Poems were published in 1825, in a 12mo. volume entitled, "Poems, the Early Productions of William Cowper; now first published from the originals in the possession of James Croft; with anecdotes of the poet, collected from letters of Lady Hesketh, written during her residence at Olney." The present poem is printed at p. 1 of that volume.

In company was more at ease,
And dressed a little smarter;

Nay, now and then would look quite gay,
As other people do;
And sometimes said, or tried to say,
A witty thing or so.*

He eyed the women, and made free
To comment on their shapes;
So that there was, or seemed to be
No fear of a relapse.

The women said, who thought him rough,
But now no longer foolish,
"The creature may do well enough,
"But wants a deal of polish."

At length, improved from head to heel,
'Twere scarce too much to say,
No dancing bear was so genteel,
Or half so *dégagé*.

Now that a miracle so strange
May not in vain be shown,
Let the dear maid who wrought the change
E'er† claim him for her own.

* "So;" Ed. 1825, but *qu.* "two."
† *Qu.* "E'en."

IN A LETTER TO C. P., ESQ.

ILL WITH THE RHEUMATISM.*

GRANT me the Muse, ye gods! whose humble flight
Seeks not the mountain-top's pernicious height;†
Who can the tall Parnassian cliff forsake,
To visit oft the still Lethean lake;
Now her slow pinions brush the silent shore,
Now gently skim the unwrinkled waters o'er,
There dips her downy plumes, thence‡ upward flies,
And sheds soft slumbers on her votary's eyes.

IN A LETTER TO THE SAME.

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.§

TRUST me the meed of praise, dealt thriftly
From the nice scale of judgment, honours more
Than does the lavish and o'erbearing tide
Of profuse courtesy. Not all the gems
Of India's richest soil at random spread

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 4.
† "Heights;" Ed. 1825.
‡ "There;" Ed. 1825, Southey corrected it.
§ Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 5.

O'er the gay vesture of some glittering dame,
Give such alluring vantage to the person,
As the scant lustre of a few, with choice
And comely guise of ornament disposed.

PSALM CXXXVII.*

O Babylon's proud waters brought,
In bondage where we lay,
With tears on Sion's Hill we thought,
And sighed our hours away;
Neglected on the willows hung
Our useless harps, while every tongue
Bewailed the fatal day.

Then did the base insulting foe
Some joyous notes demand,
Such as in Sion used to flow
From Judah's happy band:
Alas! what joyous notes have we,
Our country spoiled, no longer free,
And in a foreign land!

O Solyma! if e'er thy praise
Be silent in my song,
Rude and unpleasing be the lays,
And artless be my tongue!
Thy name my fancy still employs;
To thee, great fountain of my joys,
My sweetest airs belong.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 6.

Remember, Lord! that hostile sound,
When Edom's children cried,
"Razed be her turrets to the ground,
"And humbled be her pride!"
Remember, Lord! and let the foe
The terrors of thy vengeance know,
The vengeance they defied!

Thou too, great Babylon, shalt* fall
A victim to our God;
Thy monstrous crimes already call
For heaven's chastising rod;
Happy who shall thy little ones
Relentless dash against the stones,
And spread their limbs abroad.

SONG.†

NO more shall hapless Celia's ears
Be flattered with the cries
Of‡ lovers drowned in floods of tears,
Or murdered by her eyes;
No serenades to break her rest,
Nor songs her slumbers to molest,
With my fa, la, la.

The fragrant flowers that once would bloom
And flourish in her hair,

* "Shall;" Ed. 1825, altered by Southey.
† Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 8.
‡ "And;" Ed. 1825; altered by Southey.

Since she no longer breathes perfume
  Their odours to repair,
Must fade, alas! and wither now,
As placed on any common brow,
  With my fa, la, la.

Her lip, so winning and so meek,
  No longer has its charms;
As well she might by whistling seek
  To lure us to her arms;
Affected once, 'tis real now,
As her forsaken gums may show,
  With my fa, la, la.

The down that on her chin so smooth
  So lovely once appeared,
That, too, has left her with her youth,
  Or sprouts into a beard;
As fields, so green when newly sown,
With stubble stiff are overgrown,
  With my fa, la, la.

Then, Celia, leave your apish tricks,
  And change your girlish airs,
For ombre, snuff, and politics,
  Those joys that suit your years;
No patches can lost youth recall,
Nor whitewash prop a tumbling wall,
  With my fa, la, la.

WRITTEN IN A QUARREL,

THE DELIVERY OF IT PREVENTED BY A RECONCILIATION.*

THINK, Delia, with what cruel haste
Our fleeting pleasures move,
Nor heedless thus in sorrow waste
The moments due to love;

Be wise, my fair, and gently treat
These few that are our friends;
Think thus abused, what sad regret
Their speedy flight attends!

Sure in those eyes I loved so well,
And wished so long to see,
Anger I thought could never dwell,
Or anger aimed at me.

No bold offence of mine I knew
Should e'er provoke your hate;
And, early taught to think you true,
Still hoped a gentler fate.

With kindness bless the present hour,
Or oh, we meet in vain!
What can we do in absence more
Than suffer and complain?

Fated to ills beyond redress,
We must endure our woe;
The days allowed us to possess,
'Tis madness to forego.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 10.

Catfield,* July, 1752.

AN APOLOGY

FOR NOT SHOWING HER WHAT I HAD WROTE.†

DID not my Muse (what can she less?)
Perceive her own unworthiness,
Could she by some well-chosen theme,
But hope to merit your esteem,
She would not thus conceal her lays,
Ambitious to deserve your praise.
But should my Delia take offence,
And frown on her impertinence,
In silence, sorrowing and forlorn,
Would the despairing trifler mourn,
Curse her ill-tuned, unpleasing lute,
Then sigh and sit for ever mute.
In secret therefore let her play,
Squandering her idle notes away,
In secret as she chants along,
Cheerful and careless in her song;
Nor heeds‡ she whether harsh or clear,
Free from each terror, every fear,
From that, of all most dreaded, free,
The terror of offending thee.

* "Cutfield;" Ed. 1825, but doubtless "Catfield," the parish in Norfolk of which Cowper's maternal uncle, the Rev. Roger Donne, was rector, and which was several times visited by Cowper in his youth.

† Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 12.

‡ "Heed;" Ed. 1825, altered by Southey.

At the same place.

APOLOGY TO DELIA,

FOR DESIRING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.*

DELIA, the unkindest girl on earth,
When I besought the fair,
That favour of intrinsic worth,
A ringlet of her hair,

Refused that instant to comply
With my absurd request,
For reasons she could specify,
Some twenty score at least.

Trust me, my dear, however odd
It may appear to say,
I sought it merely to defraud
Thy spoiler of his prey.

Yes!† when its sister locks shall fade,
As quickly fade they must,
When all their beauties are decayed,
Their gloss, their colour, lost—

Ah then! if haply to my share
Some slender pittance fall,

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 14.
† "Yet;" Ed. 1825.

If I but gain one single hair,
Nor age usurp them all;—

When you behold it still as sleek,
As lovely to the view,
As when it left thy snowy neck,
That Eden where it grew,

Then shall my Delia's self declare
That I professed the truth,
And have preserved my little share
In everlasting youth.

At the same place.

PLEASURES OF RECONCILIATION AFTER LOVERS' QUARRELS.*

THIS evening, Delia, you and I
Have managed most delightfully,
For with a frown we parted;
Having contrived some trifle that
We both may be much troubled at,
And sadly disconcerted.

Yet well as each performed their part,
We might perceive it was but art;
And that we both intended

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 15.

To sacrifice a little ease;
For all such petty flaws as these
Are made but to be mended.

You knew, dissembler! all the while,
How sweet it was to reconcile
After this heavy pelt;
That we should gain by this allay
When next we met, and laugh away
The care we never felt.

Happy! when we but seek to endure
A little pain, then find a cure
By double joy requited;
For friendship, like a severed bone,
Improves and gains* a stronger tone
When aptly reunited.

Berkhampstead.

HIS MISERY DURING DELIA'S ABSENCE.†

BID adieu, my sad heart, bid adieu to thy peace!
Thy pleasure is past, and thy sorrows increase;
See the shadows of evening how far they extend,
And a long night is coming that never may end;
For the sun is now set that enlivened the scene,
And an age must be past ere it rises again.

* "Joins;" Ed. 1825.
† Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 17.

Already deprived of its splendour and heat,
I feel thee more slowly, more heavily beat;
Perhaps overstrained with the quick pulse of pleasure,
Thou art glad of this respite to beat at thy leisure,
But the sigh of distress shall now weary thee more
Than the flutter and tumult of passion before.

The heart of a lover is never at rest,
With joy overwhelmed, or with sorrow oppressed:
When Delia is near, all is ecstasy then,
And I even forget I must lose her again:
When absent, as wretched as happy before,
Despairing I cry, "I shall see her no more!"

At Berkhampstead.

WRITTEN AFTER LEAVING HER AT NEW BURNS.*

HOW quick the change from joy to woe!
How chequered is our lot below!
Seldom we view the prospect fair,
Dark clouds of sorrow, pain, and care,
(Some pleasing intervals between,)
Scowl over more than half the scene.
Last night with Delia, gentle maid,
Far hence in happier fields I strayed,

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 19.

While on her dear enchanting tongue
Soft sounds of grateful welcome hung,
For absence had withheld it long.
" Welcome, my long-lost love," she said,
" E'er since our adverse fates decreed
" That we must part, and I must mourn
" Till once more blessed by thy return,
" Love, on whose influence I relied
" For all the transports I enjoyed,
" Has played the cruel tyrant's part
" And turned tormentor to my heart.
" But let me hold thee to my breast,
" Dear partner of my joy and rest,
" And not a pain, and not a fear,
" Or anxious doubt shall enter there."
Happy, thought I, the favoured youth,
Blessed with such undissembled truth!
Five suns successive rose and set,
And saw no monarch in his state,
Wrapped in the blaze of majesty,
So free from every care as I.

Next day the scene was overcast;
Such day till then I never passed,
For on that day, relentless fate!
Delia and I must separate.
Yet ere we looked our last farewell,
From her dear lips this comfort fell:
" Fear not that time, where'er we rove,
" Or absence shall abate my love."
And can I doubt, my charming maid,
As unsincere what you have said?
Banished from thee to what I hate,

Dull neighbours and insipid chat,
No joy to cheer me, none in view,
But the dear hope of meeting you;
And that through passion's optic scene,
With ages interposed between;
Blessed with the kind support you give,
'Tis by your promised truth I live;
How deep my woes, how fierce my flame,
You best may tell, who feel the same.

ON HER ENDEAVOURING TO CONCEAL HER GRIEF AT PARTING.*

AH! wherefore should my weeping maid suppress
Those gentle signs of undissembled woe?
When from soft love proceeds the deep distress,
Ah! why forbid the willing tears to flow?

Since for my sake each dear translucent drop
Breaks forth, best witness of thy truth sincere,
My lips should drink the precious mixture up,
And, ere it falls, receive the trembling tear.

Trust me, these symptoms of thy faithful heart,
In absence shall my dearest hope sustain;
Delia! since such thy sorrow that we part,
Such when we meet thy joy shall be again.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 22.

Hard is that heart, and unsubdued by love
That feels no pain, nor ever heaves a sigh;
Such hearts the fiercest passions only prove,
Or freeze in cold insensibility.

Oh! then indulge thy grief, nor fear to tell,
The gentle source from whence thy sorrows flow;
Nor think it weakness when we love to feel,
Nor think it weakness what we feel to show.

THE SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.*

WOULD my Delia know if I love, let her take
My last thought at night, and the first when I wake;
With my prayers and best wishes preferred for her sake.

Let her guess what I muse on when, rambling alone,
I stride o'er the stubble each day with my gun,
Never ready to shoot till the covey is flown.

Let her think what odd whimsies I have in my brain,
When I read one page over and over again,
And discover at last that I read it in vain.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 23.

Let her say why so fixed and so steady my look,
Without ever regarding the person who spoke,
Still affecting to laugh, without hearing the joke.

Or why when with pleasure her praises I hear,
(That sweetest of melody sure to my ear,)
I attend, and at once inattentive appear.

And lastly, when summoned to drink to my flame,
Let her guess why I never once mention her name,
Though herself and the woman I love are the same.

Drayton, March, 1753.

AN ATTEMPT AT THE MANNER OF WALLER.*

DID not thy reason and thy sense,
With most persuasive eloquence,
Convince me that obedience due
None may so justly claim as you,
By right of beauty you would be
Mistress o'er my heart and me.

Then fear not I should e'er rebel,
My gentle love! I might as well
A forward peevishness put on,
And quarrel with the midday sun;

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 25.

Or question who gave him a right
To be so fiery and so bright.

Nay, this were less absurd and vain
Than disobedience to thý reign;
His beams are often too severe;
But thou art mild, as thou art fair;
First from necessity we own your sway,
Then scorn our freedom, and by choice obey.

DESPAIR AT HIS EXILE FROM DELIA.*

HOPE, like the short-lived ray that gleams awhile
Through wintry skies, upon the frozen waste,
Cheers e'en the face of misery to a smile;
But soon the momentary pleasure's past.

How oft, my Delia, since our last farewell,
(Years that have rolled since that distressful hour,)
Grieved I have said, when most our hopes prevail,
Our promised happiness is least secure.

Oft I have thought the scene of troubles closed,
And hoped once more to gaze upon your charms;
As oft some dire mischance has interposed,
And snatched the expected blessing from my arms.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 26.

The seaman thus, his shattered vessel lost,
Still vainly strives to shun the threatening death;
And while he thinks to gain the friendly coast,
And drops his feet, and feels the sands beneath,

Borne by the wave steep-sloping from the shore,
Back to the inclement deep, again he beats
The surge aside, and seems to tread secure;
And now the refluent wave his baffled toil defeats.

Had you, my love, forbade me to pursue
My fond attempt, disdainfully retired,
And with proud scorn compelled me to subdue
The ill-fated passion by yourself inspired;

Then haply to some distant spot removed,
Hopeless to gain, unwilling to molest
With fond entreaties whom I dearly loved,
Despair or absence had redeemed my rest.

But now, sole partner in my Delia's heart,
Yet doomed far off in exile to complain,
Eternal absence cannot ease my smart,
And hope subsists but to prolong my pain.

Oh then, kind Heaven, be this my latest breath!
Here end my life, or make it worth my care;
Absence from whom we love is worse than death,
And frustrate hope severer than despair.

ON THE PICTURE OF A SLEEPING CHILD.*

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

WEET babe! whose image here expressed
Does thy peaceful slumbers show;
Guilt or fear, to break thy rest,
Never did thy spirit know.

Soothing slumbers! soft repose!
Such as mock the painter's skill,
Such as innocence bestows,
Harmless infant, lull thee still!

R. S. S.†

LL-WORSHIPPED Gold! Thou mighty mystery!
Say by what name shall I address thee rather,
Our blessing, or our bane? Without thy aid,
The generous pangs of pity but distress
The human heart, that fain would feel the bliss
Of blessing others; and enslaved by thee,
Far from relieving woes which others feel,

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 29.
† Ibid. p. 30.

Misers oppress themselves. Our blessing then,
With virtue when possessed; without, our bane!
If in my bosom unperceived there lurk
The deep-sown seeds of avarice or ambition,
Blame me, ye great ones, (for I scorn your censure)
But let the generous and the good commend me,
That to my Delia I direct them all,
The worthiest object of a virtuous love.
Oh! to some distant scene, a willing exile
From the wild uproar of this busy world,
Were it my fate with Delia to retire;
With her to wander through the sylvan shade,
Each morn, or o'er the moss-imbrownèd turf,
Where, blessed as the prime parents of mankind
In their own Eden, we would envy none;
But, greatly pitying whom the world calls happy,
Gently spin out the silken thread of life;
While from her lips attentive I receive
The tenderest dictates of the purest flame,
And from her eyes (where soft complacence sits
Illumined with the radiant beams of sense,)
Tranquillity beyond a monarch's reach.
Forgive me, Heaven, this only avarice
My soul indulges; I confess the crime,
(If to esteem, to covet such perfection
Be criminal,) oh grant me Delia! grant me wealth!
Wealth to alleviate, not increase my wants;
And grant me virtue, without which nor wealth
Nor Delia can avail to make me blessed.

WRITTEN IN A FIT OF ILLNESS.*

R. S. S.

IN these sad hours, a prey to ceaseless pain,
While feverish pulses leap in every vein,
When each faint breath the last short effort seems
Of life just parting from my feeble limbs;
How wild soe'er my wandering thoughts may be,
Still, gentle Delia, still they turn on thee!
At length if, slumbering to a short repose,
A sweet oblivion frees me from my woes,
Thy form appears, thy footsteps I pursue,
Through springy vales, and meadows washed in dew;
Thy arm supports me to the fountain's brink,
Where by some secret power forbid to drink,
Gasping with thirst, I view the tempting flood
That flies my touch, or thickens into mud;
Till thine own hand immerged the goblet dips,
And bears it streaming to my burning lips.
There borne aloft on Fancy's wing we fly,
Like souls embodied to their native sky;
Now every rock, each mountain, disappears;
And the round earth an even surface wears;
When lo! the force of some resistless weight
Bears me straight down from that pernicious height;
Parting, in vain our struggling arms we close;

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 32.

Abhorred forms, dire phantoms interpose;
With trembling voice on thy loved name I call;
And gulfs yawn ready to receive my fall.
From these fallacious visions of distress
I wake; nor are my real sorrows less.
Thy absence, Delia, heightens every ill,
And gives e'en trivial pains the power to kill.
Oh! wert thou near me; yet that wish forbear!
'Twere vain my love,—'twere vain to wish thee near;
Thy tender heart would heave with anguish too,
And by partaking, but increase my woe.
Alone I'll grieve, till gloomy sorrow past,
Health, like the cheerful day-spring, comes at last,—
Comes fraught with bliss to banish every pain,
Hope, joy, and peace, and Delia in her train!

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH.*

MORTALS! around your destined heads
Thick† fly the shafts of Death,
And lo! the savage spoiler spreads
A thousand toils beneath.

In vain we trifle with our fate;
Try every art in vain;
At best we but prolong the date,
And lengthen out our pain.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 34.
† "Which," Ed. 1825; corrected by Southey.

Fondly we think all danger fled,
For Death is ever nigh;
Outstrips our unavailing speed,
Or meets us as we fly.

Thus the wrecked mariner may strive
Some desert shore to gain,
Secure of life, if he survive
The fury of the main.

But there, to famine doomed a prey,
Finds, the mistaken wretch!
He but escaped the troubled sea,
To perish on the beach.

Since then in vain we strive to guard
Our frailty from the foe,
Lord, let me live not unprepared
To meet the fatal blow!

APPEAL TO DELIA FOR FORGIVENESS.*

EE where the Thames, the purest stream
That wavers to the noon-day beam,
Divides the vale below;
While like a vein of liquid ore
His waves enrich the happy shore,
Still shining as they flow.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 36.

Nor yet, my Delia, to the main
Runs the sweet tide without a stain,
  Unsullied as it seems;
The Nymphs of many a sable flood
Deform with streaks of oozy mud
  The bosom of the Thames.

Some idle rivulets, that feed
And suckle every noisome weed,
  A sandy bottom boast;
For ever bright, for ever clear,
The trifling shallow rills appear
  In their own channel lost.

Thus fares it with the human soul,
Where copious floods of passion roll,
  By genuine love supplied;
Fair in itself the current shows,
But ah! a thousand anxious woes
  Pollute the noble tide.

These are emotions known to few;
For where at most a vapoury dew
  Surrounds the tranquil heart,
Then as the triflers never prove
The glad excess of real love,
  They never prove the smart.

Oh then, my life, at last relent!
Though cruel the reproach I sent,
  My sorrow was unfeigned:
Your passion, had I loved you not,
You might have scorned, renounced, forgot,
  And I had ne'er complained.

While you indulge a groundless fear,
The imaginary woes you bear,
Are real woes to me:
But thou art kind, and good thou art,
Nor wilt, by wronging thine own heart,
Unjustly punish me.

TO DELIA.

HIS HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON DELIA'S FAVOUR, NOT ON THE GIFTS OF FORTUNE.*

HOW blessed the youth whom Fate ordains
A kind relief from all his pains,
In some admired fair;
Whose tenderest wishes find expressed
Their own resemblance in her breast,
Exactly copied there!

What good soe'er the gods dispense,
The enjoyment of its influence
Still on her love depends;
Her love the shield that guards his heart,
Or wards the blow, or blunts the dart,
That peevish Fortune sends.

Thus, Delia, while thy love endures,
The flame my happy breast secures
From Fortune's fickle power;

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 38.

Change as she list, she may increase,
But not abate my happiness,
Confirmed by thee before.

Thus while I share her smiles with thee,
Welcome, my love, shall ever be
The favours she bestows;
Yet not on those I found my bliss,
But in the noble ecstasies
The faithful bosom knows.

And when she prunes her wings for flight,
And flutters nimbly from my sight,
Contented I resign
Whate'er she gave; thy love alone
I can securely call my own,
Happy while that is mine.

UPON A VENERABLE RIVAL.*

FULL thirty frosts since thou wert young
Have chilled the withered grove,
Thou wretch! and hast thou lived so long,
Nor yet forgot to love!

Ye sages! spite of your pretences
To wisdom, you must own
Your folly frequently commences
When you acknowledge none.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 40.

Not that I deem it weak to love,
Or folly to admire;
But ah! the pangs we lovers prove
Far other years require.

Unheeded on the youthful brow
The beams of Phœbus play;
But unsupported Age stoops low
Beneath the sultry ray.

For once, then, if untutored youth,
Youth unapproved by years,
May chance to deviate into truth,
When your experience errs;

For once attempt not to despise
What I esteem a rule:
Who early loves, though young, is wise,—
Who old, though grey, a fool.

AN ODE,

ON READING MR. RICHARDSON'S HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.*

SAY, ye apostate and profane,
Wretches who blush not to disdain
Allegiance to your God,—
Did e'er your idly-wasted love
Of virtue for her sake remove
And lift you from the crowd?

* Early Poems, Ed. 1845, p. 42.

Would you the race of glory run?
Know the devout, and they alone,
  Are equal to the task:
The labours of the illustrious course
Far other than the unaided force
  Of human vigour ask.

To arm against repeated ill
The patient heart, too brave to feel
  The tortures of despair;
Nor safer yet high-crested Pride,
When wealth flows in with every tide
  To gain admittance there.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword
The oppressed;—unseen and unimplored,
  To cheer the face of woe;
From lawless insult to defend
An orphan's right, a fallen friend,
  And a forgiven foe;

These, these distinguish from the crowd,
And these alone, the great and good,
  The guardians of mankind;
Whose bosoms with these virtues heave,
Oh, with what matchless speed they leave
  The multitude behind!

Then ask ye, from what source on earth
Virtues like these derived their birth?
  Derived from Heaven alone,
Full on that favoured breast they shine,
Where Faith and Resignation join
  To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart;—but while the Muse
Thy theme, O Richardson, pursues,
  Her feebler spirits faint;
She cannot reach, and shall not wrong,
That subject for an angel's song,
  The hero and the saint!

A SONG.*

THE sparkling eye, the mantling cheek,
The polished front, the snowy neck,
  How seldom we behold in one!
Glossy† locks, and brow serene,
Venus' smiles, Diana's mien,
  All meet in you, and you alone.

Beauty, like other powers, maintains
Her empire, and by union reigns;
  Each single feature faintly warms:
But where at once we view displayed
Unblemished grace, the perfect maid
  Our eyes, our ears, our heart alarms.

So when on earth the god of day
Obliquely sheds his tempered ray,
  Through convex orbs the beams transmit,
The beams that gently warmed before,
Collected, gently warm no more,
  But glow with more prevailing heat.

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 45.
† "Glassy," Ed. 1825, altered by Southey.

A SONG.*

N the green margin of the brook
Despairing Phyllida reclined,
Whilst every sigh, and every look,
Declared the anguish of her mind.

"Am I less lovely then?" (she cries,
And in the waves her form surveyed;)
"Oh yes, I see my languid eyes,
"My faded cheek, my colour fled:
"These eyes no more like lightning pierced,
"These cheeks grew pale, when Damon first
"His Phyllida betrayed.

"The rose he in his bosom wore,
"How oft upon my breast was seen!
"And when I kissed the drooping flower,
"Behold, he cried, it blooms again!
"The wreaths that bound my braided hair,
"Himself next day was proud to wear
"At church, or on the green."

While thus sad Phyllida lamented,
Chance brought unlucky Thyrsis on;
Unwillingly the nymph consented,
But Damon first the cheat begun.
She wiped the fallen tears away,
Then sighed and blushed, as who should say,
"Ah! Thyrsis, I am won."

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 46.

TO DELIA.*

1755.

E to whatever state the gods assign,
Believe, my love, whatever state be mine,
Ne'er shall my breast one anxious sorrow know,
Ne'er shall my heart confess a real woe;
If to thy share Heaven's choicest blessings fall,
As thou hast virtue to deserve them all;
Yet vain, alas! that idle hope would be
That builds on happiness remote from thee.
Oh! may thy charms, whate'er our fate decrees,
Please, as they must, but let them only please—
Not like the sun with equal influence shine,
Nor warm with transport any heart but mine.
Ye who from wealth the ill-grounded title boast
To claim whatever beauty charms you most;
Ye sons of fortune, who consult alone
Her parents' will, regardless of her own,
Know that a love like ours, a generous flame,
No wealth can purchase, and no power reclaim.
The soul's affection can be only given
Free, unextorted, as the grace of Heaven.
Is there whose faithful bosom can endure
Pangs fierce as mine, nor ever hope a cure?

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 48.

Who sighs in absence of the dear-loved maid,
Nor summons once Indifference to his aid?
Who can, like me, the nice resentment prove,
The thousand soft disquietudes of love;
The trivial strifes that cause a real pain;
The real bliss when reconciled again?
Let him alone dispute the real prize,
And read his sentence in my Delia's eyes;
There shall he read all gentleness and truth,
But not himself, the dear distinguished youth;
Pity for him perhaps they may express—
Pity, that will but heighten his distress.
But, wretched rival! he must sigh to see
The sprightlier rays of love directed all to me.
And thou, dear antidote of every pain
Which fortune can inflict, or love ordain,
Since early love has taught me to despise
What the world's worthless votaries only prize,
Believe, my love! no less the generous god
Rules in my breast, his ever blest abode;
There has he driven each gross desire away,
Directing every wish and every thought to thee!
Then can I ever leave my Delia's arms,
A slave, devoted to inferior charms?
Can ere my soul her reason so disgrace?
For what blest minister of heavenly race
Would quit that Heaven to find a happier place?

ODE,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.*

THOU magic lyre, whose fascinating sound
Seduced the savage monsters from their cave,
Drew rocks and trees, and forms uncouth around,
And bade wild Hebrus hush his listening wave;
No more thy undulating warblings flow
O'er Thracian wilds of everlasting snow!

Awake to sweeter sounds, thou magic lyre,
And paint a lover's bliss—a lover's pain!
Far nobler triumphs now thy notes inspire,
For see, Eurydice attends thy strain;
Her smile, a prize beyond the conjuror's aim,
Superior to the cancelled breath of fame.

From her sweet brow to chase the gloom of care,
To check the tear that dims the beaming eye,
To bid her heart the rising sigh forbear,
And flush her orient cheek with brighter joy,
In that dear breast soft sympathy to move,
And touch the springs of rapture and of love.

Ah me! how long bewildered and astray,
Lost and benighted, did my footsteps rove,
Till sent by heaven to cheer my pathless way,†

* Early Poems, Ed. 1825, p. 51.
† "Ray," Ed. 1825, and in other editions.

A star arose—the radiant star of love.
The God propitious joined our willing hands,
And Hymen wreathed us in his rosy bands.

Yet not the beaming eye, or placid brow,
Or golden tresses, hid the subtle dart;
To charms superior far than those I bow,
And nobler worth enslaves my vanquished heart;
The beauty, elegance, and grace combined,
Which beam transcendant from that angel mind.

While vulgar passions, meteors of a day,
Expire before the chilling blasts of age,
Our holy flame with pure and steady ray,
Its glooms shall brighten, and its pangs assuage;
By Virtue (sacred vestal) fed, shall shine,
And warm our fainting souls with energy divine.

MINOR POEMS.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH, ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE.*

FORTUNE! I thank thee: gentle goddess, thanks!
Not that my Muse, though bashful, shall deny
She would have thanked thee rather hadst thou cast
A treasure in her way; for neither meed
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes,
And bowel-racking pains of emptiness,
Nor noontide feast, nor evening's cool repast,
Hopes she from this, presumptuous, though, perhaps,
The cobbler, leather-carving artist! might.
Nathless she thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,
Whatever; not as erst the fabled cock,
Vainglorious fool! unknowing what he found,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 21.

Spurned the rich gem thou gavest him. Wherefore, ah!
Why not on me that favour, (worthier sure!)
Conferredst thou, goddess! Thou art blind, thou sayest:
Enough!—thy blindness shall excuse the deed.
Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale
From this thy scant indulgence!—even here,
Hints worthy sage philosophy are found;
Illustrious hints to moralize my song!
This ponderous heel of perforated hide
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
Upbore: on this supported oft, he stretched,
With uncouth strides, along the furrowed glebe,
Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel Time
(What will not cruel Time?) on a wry step
Severed the strict cohesion; when, alas!
He, who could erst, with even, equal pace,
Pursue his destined way with symmetry,
And some proportion formed, now on one side,
Curtailed and maimed, the sport of vagrant boys,
Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop!
With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on:
Thus fares it oft with other than the feet
Of humble villager—the statesman thus,
Up the steep road where proud ambition leads,
Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds
His prosperous way; nor fears miscarriage foul,
While policy prevails, and friends prove true:
But that support soon failing, by him left,
On whom he most depended, basely left,

Betrayed, deserted; from his airy height
Headlong he falls; and through the rest of life
Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

1748.

LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS COUSIN HARRIET, AFTERWARDS LADY HESKETH,

ON HER REMONSTRATING WITH HIM ON ACCOUNT OF HIS CONTINUED MELANCHOLY.*

DOOMED as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the passed;
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me,† and my mistress lost,
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour, or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatched by fate in early youth away,
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fixed in her choice and faithful, but in vain!
Oh, prone to pity, generous and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear,
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. i. p. 12.

† Sir William Russell, accidentally drowned in 1757, whilst bathing in the Thames.

See me—ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost,
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy palls with me!

AN ODE,

SECUNDUM ARTEM.*

I.

SHALL I begin with *Ah*, or *Oh?*
Be sad? *Oh!* yes. Be glad? *Ah!* no.
Light subjects suit not grave Pindaric ode,
Which walks in metre down the Strophic road,
But let the sober matron wear
Her own mechanic sober air:
Ah me! ill suits, alas! the sprightly jig,
Long robes of ermine, or Sir Cloudesley's wig.
Come, placid Dullness, gently come,
And all my faculties benumb;

* Southey disinterred this mock-heroic Ode from the pages of the St. James's Magazine, edited by Cowper's friend, Lloyd (vol. III. Nov. 1763, pp. 187-9). The evidence of its being Cowper's is of a slender kind, but as it has been deemed sufficient by Southey and Mr. Robert Bell, we give the clever satire a place.

Let thought turn exile, while the vacant mind
To trickie words and pretty phrase confined,
  Pumping for trim description's art,
  To win the ear, neglects the heart.
So shall thy sister Taste's peculiar sons,
Lineal descendants from the Goths and Huns,
  Struck with the true and grand sublime
  Of *rhythm* converted into *rime*,
Court the quaint muse, and con her lessons o'er,
When sleep the sluggish waves by Granta's shore:
  There shall each poet share and trim,
  Stretch, cramp, or lop the verse's limb,
While rebel Wit beholds them with disdain,
And Fancy flies aloft, nor heeds their servile chain.

II.

  Oh Fancy, bright aërial maid!
  Where have thy vagrant footsteps strayed!
For, *Ah!* I miss thee 'midst thy wonted haunt,
Since silent now the enthusiastic chaunt,
  Which erst like frenzy rolled along,
  Driven by the impetuous tide of song;
Rushing secure where native genius bore,
Not cautious coasting by the shelving shore.
  Hail to the sons of modern Rime,
  Mechanic dealers in sublime,
Whose lady Muse full wantonly is drest,
In light expression quaint, and tinsel vest,
  Where swelling epithets are laid
  (Art's ineffectual parade)
As varnish on the cheek of harlot light;
The rest thin sown with profit or delight,

But ill compares with ancient song,
Where Genius poured its flood along;
Yet such is Art's presumptuous idle claim,
She marshals out the way to modern fame;
From Grecian fable's pompous lore
Description's studied, glittering store,
Smooth, soothing sounds, and sweet alternate rime,
Clinking, like change of bells, in tingle tangle chime.

III.

The lark shall soar in every Ode,
With flowers of light description strewed;
And sweetly, warbling Philomel, shall flow
Thy soothing sadness in mechanic woe.
Trim epithets shall spread their gloss,
While every cell's o'ergrown with moss:
Here oaks shall rise in chains of ivy bound,
There smouldering stones o'erspread the rugged ground.
Here forests brown, and azure hills,
There babbling fonts, and prattling rills;
Here some gay river floats in crisped streams,
While the bright sun now gilds his morning beams,
Or sinking on his Thetis' breast.
Drives in description down the west.
Oh let me boast, with pride becoming skill,
I crown the summit of Parnassus' hill:
While Taste and Genius shall dispense,
And sound shall triumph over sense;
O'er the gay mead with curious steps I'll stray,
And, like the bee, steal all the sweets away;

Extract its beauty, and its power,
From every new poetic flower,
And sweets collected may a wreath compose,
To bind the poet's brow, or please the critic's nose.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A PERIOD OF INSANITY.*

HATRED and vengeance,—my eternal portion,
Scarce can endure delay of execution,—
Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice-betrayed Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

* These tremendous lines were first published, so far as is known to the present editor, at the end of the second edition of Cowper's Autobiographical Memoir, 1822, 12mo. p. 79. It does not appear in whose possession the manuscript existed at that time, nor is it now known to be extant. Mr. Gough has pointed out to the editor a curious similarity between these dreadful sapphics and a poem by Francis Davison upon the passion of Christ, commencing, "Hatred Eternal! Furious revenging!"—Davison's Poems, ed. 1621, p. 57; Nicolas's ed. II. 259.

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot! encompassed with a thousand dangers;
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished!* to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed* with judgment, in a fleshly tomb, am
Buried above ground.

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE AUTHOR'S SECOND PERIOD OF INSANITY.†

HEU! quam remotus vescor ab omnibus
Quibus fruebar sub lare patrio,
Quam nescius jucunda quondam
Arva, domum, socios, reliqui,
Et præter omnes te mihi flebilem,
Te chariorem luce vel artubus,
Te vinculo nostram jugali
Deserui tremulam sub ense.

* Southey remarks that "both these passages are evidently corrupt. Possibly," he adds, "the first should be *in anguish.*"

† Cowper's Autobiography, ed. 1835, p. 5, stated to have been copied from his manuscript.

Sed nec ferocem me genuit pater,
Nec vagientem nutriit ubere
Lœna dumoso sub antro,
Fata sed hoc voluere nostra.
Et fluctuosum ceu mare volvitur,
Dum commovebar mille timoribus,
Coactus. in fauces Averni,
Totus atro perii sub amne.

Die ultimo, 1774.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

DEAR PRESIDENT, whose art sublime
Gives perpetuity to Time,
And bids transactions of a day,
That fleeting hours would waft away
To dark futurity, survive,
And in unfading beauty live,—
You cannot with a grace decline
A special mandate of the Nine—
Yourself, whatever task you choose,
So much indebted to the Muse.

* These lines were written in 1778, under the influence of the general impression produced by the English successes in America during that year. The result soon falsified the predictions of the poet, and his lines were consigned to temporary oblivion. Dr. John Johnson first published them in 1824, in Cowper's Private Correspondence, vol. I. p. 184. Cowper's MS. from which Dr. Johnson printed is now Additl. MS. British Museum, 24,154, fol. 90a.

Thus say the sisterhood:—We come!
Fix well your pallet on your thumb,
Prepare the pencil, and the tints,
We come to furnish you with hints.
French disappointment, British glory,
Must be the subject of the story.
First strike a curve, a graceful bow,
Then slope it to a point below;
Your outline easy, airy, light,
Filled up becomes a paper kite.
Let Independence, sanguine, horrid,
Blaze like a meteor in the forehead:
Beneath (but lay aside your graces)
Draw six-and-twenty rueful faces,*
Each with a staring, stedfast eye,
Fixed on his great and good ally.
France flies the kite—'tis on the wing—
Britannia's lightning cuts the string.
The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,
Just rends it into thirteen pieces,
Takes charge of every fluttering sheet,
And lays them all at George's feet.
Iberia, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confederate war.
Her efforts and her hearts o'ercome,
France calls her shattered navies home:
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn;
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamped upon the nations round;
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.

* Note on the original MS. "The Members of Congress, I suppose, two from each colony."

A TALE, FOUNDED ON A FACT,

WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY, 1779.*

HERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,
There dwelt a wretch, who breathed but to blaspheme;
In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread.
When on a day, emerging from the deep,
A Sabbath-day, (such sabbaths thousands keep!)
The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock—whose blood might win him more;
As if the noblest of the feathered kind
Were but for battle and for death designed;
As if the consecrated hours were meant
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent;
It chanced (such chances Providence obey)
He met a fellow-labourer on the way,
Whose heart the same desires had once enflamed;
But now the savage temper was reclaimed.
Persuasion on his lips had taken place;
For all plead well who plead the cause of Grace.
His iron heart with scripture he assailed,
Wooed him to hear a sermon, and prevailed.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 297.

His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
Swift as the lightning-glimpse the arrow flew;
He wept; he trembled; cast his eyes around,
To find a worse than he; but none he found.
He felt his sins, and wondered he should feel;
Grace made the wound, and Grace alone could heal.
Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies!
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.
That holy day was washed with many a tear,
Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.
The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
Learned, by his altered speech, the change divine!
Laughed when they should have wept, and swore the day
Was nigh when he would swear as fast as they.
"No," said the penitent, "such words shall share
"This breath no more; devoted now to prayer.
"Oh! if Thou seest (thine eye the future sees)
"That I shall yet again blaspheme, like these;
"Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,
"Ere yet this heart relapses into steel;
"Now take me to that Heaven I once defied,
"Thy presence, Thy embrace!"—He spoke, and died!

TRANSLATION OF MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION TO WILLIAM NORTHCOT.*

FAREWELL! "But not for ever," Hope replies,
"Trace but his steps and meet him in the skies!"
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,
Thou shalt not wither, nor I weep again.

IN SEDITIONEM HORRENDAM,

CORRUPTELIS GALLICIS, UT FERTUR, LONDINI NUPER EXORTAM.†

PERFIDA, crudelis, victa et lymphata furore,
Non armis, laurum Gallia fraude petit.
Venalem pretio plebem conducit, et urit
Undique privatas patriciasque domos.

* The original Latin was written by the Rev. W. Unwin, and sent to Cowper for his opinion. Cowper's criticism and this translation were contained in a letter to Unwin, dated the 2nd July, 1780. Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 40.

† The rumour alluded to was published in a newspaper which Cowper read, and he no sooner saw the surmise, than under the excitement of such a suggestion he began to write the verses here printed. Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 33. His manuscript copy transmitted to Unwin is now Addit. MS. British Museum, 24,154, fol. 34a.

Nequicquàm conata suâ, fœdissima sperat
  Posse tamen nostrâ nos superare manu.
Gallia, vana struis! Precibus nunc utere, vinces,
  Nam mites timidis, supplicibusque sumus.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING.*

ALSE, cruel, disappointed, stung to the heart,
  France quits the warrior's for the assassin's part,
To dirty hands a dirty bribe conveys,
Bids the low street and lofty palace blaze.
Her sons, too weak to vanquish us alone,
She hires the worst and basest of our own.
Kneel, France! a suppliant conquers us with ease,
We always spare a coward on his knees.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON, ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.†

HAT ocean you of‡ late surveyed,
  Those rocks, I too have seen,
But I afflicted and dismayed,
  You tranquil and serene.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 41. A copy by Cowper of the original MS. is now Additl. MS. British Museum, 24,154, fol. 37a.

† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 292.

‡ Dr. John Johnson changed the "of" to "have," which has been followed by all subsequent editors. He also added the date.

You from the flood-controlling steep
  Saw stretched before your view,
With conscious joy, the threatening deep,
  No longer such to you.

To me the waves that ceaseless broke
  Upon the dangerous coast
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
  Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
  And found the peaceful shore;
I, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
  Come home to port no more.

Oct. 1780.

LOVE ABUSED;*

THE THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THELYPTHORA.

WHAT is there in the vale of life
  Half so delightful as a Wife,
  When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows:
But ah! if from the dykes and drains
Of sensual nature's feverish veins,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 293. Cowper's MS. is now Additl. MS. Brit. Mus. 24,154, fol. 40.

Lust, like a lawless headstrong flood,
Impregnated with ooze and mud,
Descending fast on every side,
Once mingles with the sacred tide,
Farewell the soul-enlivening scene!
The banks that wore a smiling green,
With rank defilement overspread,
Bewail their flowery beauties dead.
The stream polluted, dark, and dull,
Diffused into a Stygian pool,
Through life's last melancholy years
Is fed with ever-flowing tears:
Complaints supply the zephyr's part,
And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

A CARD.*

POOR Vestris, grieved beyond all measure,
To have incurred so much displeasure,
Although a Frenchman, disconcerted,
And though light-heeled yet heavy-hearted,
Begs humbly to inform his friends,
Next first of April he intends

* Sent to Unwin in a letter dated 27th February, 1781. The original is now in the British Museum, Additl. MS. 24,154, fol. 81. "Alas, poor Vestris!" Cowper wrote in the letter in which the lines were inclosed, "What a pitiable object; how truly French in his humiliation, when he bowed his head down to the stage and held it there, as if he never meant to raise it more! As humble in his abasement as exalted

To take a boat, and row right down
To Cuckold's point from Richmond town;
And as he goes, alert and gay,
Leap all the bridges in his way.
The boat, borne downward with the tide,
Shall catch him safe on t'other side.
He humbly hopes by this expedient,
To prove himself their most obedient
(Which shall be always his endeavour)
And jump into the former favour.

FISH TOO DEAR TO BE SENT TO OLNEY.*

COCOA nut naught,
Fish too dear,
None must be bought
For us that are here.

No lobster on earth,
That ever I saw,
To me would be worth
Sixpence a claw.

in his capers, equally French in both. Which is most entitled to compassion, the dancer . . . or the assembly themselves . . . . ? Both he and they might set a higher value upon their time, and devote it to a better purpose. It is possible, too, you may think the maker of this wise reflection might himself have been better employed than in writing what follows upon the subject."

* Mrs. Newton was in the habit of sending an occasional basket of fish to her friends at Olney. At this time the price was deemed higher than the poet and Mrs. Unwin could afford to pay; hence the above direction, which was inclosed in a letter to Newton, dated the 21st August, 1781.

So, dear madam, wait
  Till fish can be got
At a reasonable rate,
  Whether lobster or not.

Till the French and the Dutch
  Have quitted the seas,
And then send as much;
  And as oft, as you please.

EPISTLE TO MRS. NEWTON.*

Sept. 16, 1781.

A NOBLE theme demands a noble verse,
In such I thank you for your fine oysters.
The barrel was magnificently large,
But, being sent to Olney at free charge,
Was not inserted in the driver's list,
And therefore overlooked, forgot, or missed;
For when the messenger whom we dispatched,
Enquired for oysters, Hob his noddle scratched,
Denying that his waggon or his wain
Did any such commodity contain.
In consequence of which your welcome boon
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;
In consequence of which some chanced to die,
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
Now madam says (and what she says must still
Deserve attention, say she what she will)

* Cowper's Private Correspondence, 1824, i. 140.

That what we call the Diligence, be-case
It goes to London with a swifter pace,
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
Returning downward with a pace as swift;
And therefore recommends it with this aim:
To save at least three days—the price the same;
For though it will not carry or convey
For less than twelve pence, send whate'er you may,
For oysters, bred upon the salt sea shore,
Packed in a barrel, they will charge no more.
News have I none that I can deign to write,
Save that it rained prodigiously last night,
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,
Caught in the first beginning of the shower;
But walking, running, and with much ado,
Got home—just time enough to be wet through.
Yet both are well, and, wondrous to be told,
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;
And, wishing just the same good hap to you,
We say, good madam, and good sir, Adieu!

A SIMILE LATINISED.*

ORS adversa gerit stimulum, sed tendit et alas:
Pungit api similis, sed velut ista fugit.

* Letter to Unwin, 27th April, 1782, (Southey, IV. 215).

TRANSLATION OF LATIN VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF DR. PIERSON LLOYD,*

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION NEXT AFTER HIS DECEASE.

OUR good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,
Whose social converse was, itself, a feast.
Oh ye of riper age, who recollect
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,
Both in the firmness of his better day,
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,
And when, impaired by time and glad to rest,
Yet still with looks in mild complacence dressed,
He took his annual seat and mingled here
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear!
In morals blameless as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak,
But, happy in whatever state below,
And richer than the rich in being so,

* He was usher and under-master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the king. [Hayley.] His pension which at first was £100, was afterwards increased to £500, per annum, (Welch's Alumni Westmon., p. 280). The lines here translated were written by Dr. Vincent, subsequently, and for many years, master of Westminster School. Dr. Lloyd was father of Cowper's friend, Robert Lloyd.

Obtained the hearts of all, and such a meed
At length from One, as made him rich indeed.
Hence, then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,
Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,
The brows of those whose more exalted lot,
He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good senior! on thy breast,
And tranquil as thy mind was be thy rest!
Though, living, thou hadst more desert than fame,
And not a stone now chronicles thy name.*

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.†

THE old man, our amiable old man, is gone—
Second in harmless pleasantry to none!
Ye, once his pupils, who with reverence just
Viewed him as all that were his pupils must,
Whether, his health yet firm, he gently strove
To rear and form you with a parent's love,
Or worn with age, and pleased to be at large,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 387.

† The following is from Cowper's MS., now Additional MS., British Museum, 24,155, fol. 132. Cowper entitled it as written "by W. C., who was two years under him [Dr. Lloyd] while he was an usher, and had afterwards the happiness of his acquaintance." We are not aware that this copy has been printed before. It has great interest with reference to the pains taken by Cowper in the exercise of his poetical faculty.

He came still mindful of his former charge,
To smile on this glad circle every year,
And charm you with his humour, drop a tear!
Simplicity graced all his blameless life,
And he was kind, and gentle, hating strife.
Content was the best wealth he ever shared,
Though all men paid him love, and One reward,
Ye titles! we have here no need of you;
Go, give the great ones their eulogium due,
If Fortune more on others chose to shine,
'Twas not in him to murmur or repine.
Placid old man! the turf upon thy breast
May it lie lightly, sacred be thy rest.
Though living, thou hadst none thy fame to spread,
Nor even a stone to chronicle thee dead.

FROM A LETTER TO THE Rev. Mr. NEWTON,

RECTOR OF ST. MARY, WOOLNOTH.*

SAYS the Pipe to the Snuffbox, I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 77; 12mo. p. 55.

You would think that the wise men of Greece were all there,
Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men of Gotham.

My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance where'er you appear;
There is nothing but snivelling and blowing of noses,
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear.

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,
And opening his mouth with a smile quite engaging,
The Box in reply was heard plainly to say,
What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim,
You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian weed,
And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,
The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus,
We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
But of any thing else they may choose to put in us.

28th May, 1782.

THE COLUBRIAD.*

LOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast
Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
Not much concerned to know what they did there,
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.†
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you?"

* The incident on which these lines were written is related in a letter to Unwin, dated 3rd August, 1782. The lines were printed by Hayley in the first 8vo. edition of his Life of Cowper, and afterwards in 1806, in a Supplement to his 4to. edition of 1803, p. 37. His authority was a copy imparted to him by Mr. Courtenay, of Weston.

† A very prominent object in the caricatures of the day. The Count wore this appendage turned up and tied in a loop with ribands. See Gillray's caricature of "Rodney introducing De Grasse."

On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;
With which well armed I hastened to the spot,
To find the viper, but I found him not.
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
" I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill
" Has slipped between the door and the door sill;
" And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
" No doubt but I shall find him in the yard: "
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
Even there I found him, there the full grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat:
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat;
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

1782.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.*

My Dear Friend, June 22, 1782.

IF reading verse be your delight,
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;
But what we would, so weak is man,
Lies oft remote from what we can.
For instance, at this very time
I feel a wish by cheerful rhyme
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,
To cheat him of an anxious hour;
Not meaning (for I must confess,
It were but folly to suppress)
His pleasure, or his good alone,
But squinting partly at my own.
But though the sun is flaming high
In the centre of yon arch, the sky,
And he had once (and who but he?)
The name for setting genius free,
Yet whether poets of past days
Yielded him undeserved praise,
And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not;
Or whether, which is like enough,
His Highness may have taken huff,
So seldom sought with invocation,
Since it has been the reigning fashion
To disregard his inspiration,

* Cowper's Private Correspondence, 1824, vol. i. p. 214.

I seem no brighter in my wits,
For all the radiance he emits,
Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,
The glimmering of a farthing taper.
Oh for a succedaneum, then,
To accelerate a creeping pen!
Oh for a ready succedaneum,
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium
Pondere liberet exoso,
Et morbo jam caliginoso!
'Tis here; this oval box* well filled
With best tobacco, finely milled,
Beats all Anticyra's pretences
To disengage the encumbered senses.
O Nymph of transatlantic fame,
Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name,
Whether reposing on the side
Of Oronoco's spacious tide,
Or listening with delight not small
To Niagara's distant fall,
'Tis thine to cherish and to feed
The pungent nose-refreshing weed,
Which, whether pulverized it gain
A speedy passage to the brain,
Or whether, touched with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine—
Forgive the bard,† if bard he be,
Who once too wantonly made free,

* Bull's snuff-box left undesignedly at Olney, on a previous visit.

† See "Conversation," vol. i. p. 154.

To touch with a satiric wipe
That symbol of thy power, the pipe;
So may no blight infest thy plains,
And no unseasonable rains,
And so may smiling peace once more
Visit America's sad shore;
And thou, secure from all alarms
Of thundering drums and glittering arms,
Rove unconfined beneath the shade
Thy wide-expanded leaves have made;
So may thy votaries increase,
And fumigation never cease.
May Newton with renewed delights
Perform thine odoriferous rites,
While clouds of incense half divine
Involve thy disappearing shrine;
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
Be always filling, never full.

TO LADY AUSTEN,

WRITTEN IN RAINY WEATHER.*

TO watch the storms, and hear the sky
Give all our almanacs the lie;
To shake with cold and see the plains
In autumn drowned with wintry rains;
'Tis thus I spend my moments here,
And wish myself a Dutch Mynheer;

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 122.

I then should have no need of wit;
For lumpish Hollander unfit!
Nor should I then repine at mud,
Or meadows deluged by a flood;
But in a bog live well content,
And find it just my element;
Should be a clod and not a man,
Nor wish in vain for Sister Ann,
With charitable aid to drag
My mind out of its proper quag;
Should have the genius of a boor
And no ambition to have more.

12 August, 1782.

LINES

SENT WITH TWO COCKSCOMBS TO MISS GREEN, AFTERWARDS MRS. GRINDON, NIECE OF LADY AUSTEN.*

TWO powdered coxcombs wait at your command,
And, what is strange, both dressed by Nature's hand.
Like other fops, they dread a sudden shower,
And seek a shelter in your closest bower.
Showy like them, like them they yield no fruit,
But then, to make amends, they both are mute.

* Kindly communicated by Henry Gough, Esq. who obtained these lines from a son of Mrs. Grindon, now a surgeon at Olney. The original manuscript was taken away by Lady Austen.

SONG. ON PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1783, AT THE REQUEST OF LADY AUSTEN, WHO GAVE THE SENTIMENT.*

AIR—"MY FOND SHEPHERDS OF LATE."

NO longer I follow a sound;
No longer a dream I pursue:
O Happiness! not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste;
I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,
But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope
The vice of true Wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind,
That seeks it in meekness and love;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 124.

SONG.

ALSO WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF LADY AUSTEN.*

AIR—"THE LASS OF PATTIE'S MILL."

HEN all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease,
The livelong day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve,
With open hand she showers
Fresh blessings, to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart
Enlivens all it sees;
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously arrayed
In Nature's various robe,
With wondrous skill displayed,
Is to a mourner's heart
A dreary wild at best;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

* Hayley, vol. I. p. 125.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS; OR, LABOUR IN VAIN.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, TO A TUNE NEVER SUNG BEFORE.

I.

I SING of a journey to Clifton,†
We would have performed if we could,
Without cart or barrow to lift on
Poor Mary ‡ and me through the mud.
Slee, sla, slud,
Stuck in the mud,
Oh, it is pretty to wade through a flood!

II.

So away we went, slipping and sliding,
Hop, hop, à la mode de deux frogs;
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels, no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

III.

She.

Well! now I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!—

* Disinterred by Southey from the Monthly Magazine for January, 1808. It was probably written in 1783.

† Clifton Reynes, of which parish Mr. Jones, Lady Austen's brother-in-law, was the incumbent.

‡ Mrs. Unwin.

That cloud, though, is rather alarming;
How slowly and stately it moves!

He.

Pshaw! never mind;
'Tis not in the wind;
We are travelling south and shall leave it behind.

IV.

She.

I am glad we are come for an airing,
For folks may be pounded and penned
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end.

He.

The longer we stay
The longer we may,
It's a folly to think about weather or way.

V.

She.

But now I begin to be frighted;
If I fall, what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted;—
Stop! stop! I am sunk in a hole.

He.

Nay, never care!
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last that will set a foot there.

VI.

She.

Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do;
That terrible lane I see yonder,
I think we shall never get through!

He.

So think I;
But, by the bye,
We never shall know, if we never should try.

VII.

She.

But should we get there, how shall we get home?
What a terrible deal of bad road we have passed!
Slipping and sliding; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last.
Oh, this lane!
Now it is plain
That struggling and striving is labour in vain.

VIII.

He.

Stick fast there while I go and look.

She.

Don't go away, for fear I should fall!

He.

I have examined it every nook,
And what you have here is a sample of all.
Come, wheel round;
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate at a farthing a pound.

IX.

Now, Sister Anne,* the guitar you must take;
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song.
I have varied the verse for variety sake,
And cut it off short, because it is long.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. JORTIN.†

SUNS that set, and moons that wane,
Rise and are restored again;
Stars that orient day subdues,
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,

* Lady Austen.

† This beautiful little poem was sent to Newton by Cowper, on the 25th January, 1784. He prefaced it with a copy of the original by Dr. Jortin, and the following introduction:—

"The late Doctor Jortin
"Had the good fortune
"To write these verses
"Upon tombs and hearses,
"Which I, being jinglish,
"Have done into English."

It was printed by Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 225.

Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop, and fade, in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE HALIBUT,

ON WHICH I DINED THIS DAY, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1784.*

HERE hast thou floated, in what seas pursued
Thy pastime? When wast thou an egg new spawned,
Lost in the immensity of ocean's waste?
Roar as they might, the overbearing winds
That rocked the deep, thy cradle, thou wast safe—
And in thy minikin and embryo state,
Attached to the firm leaf of some salt weed,
Didst outlive tempests, such as wrung and racked
The joints of many a stout and gallant bark,
And whelmed them in the unexplored abyss.
Indebted to no magnet and no chart,
For under guidance of the polar fire,
Thou wast a voyager on many coasts,
Grazing at large in meadows submarine,
Where flat Batavia just emerging peeps

* Cowper's Private Correspondence, 1824, vol. I. p. 321.

Above the brine—where Caledonia's rocks
Beat back the surge—and where Hibernia shoots
Her wondrous causeway far into the main.
—Wherever thou hast fed, thou little thoughtest,
And I not more, that I should feed on thee.
Peace, therefore, and good health, and much good fish,
To him who sent thee! and success, as oft
As it descends into the billowy gulf,
To the same drag that caught thee!—Fare thee well!
Thy lot thy brethren of the slimy fin
Would envy, could they know that thou wast doomed
To feed a bard, and to be praised in verse.

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.*

HERE Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud,
Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;

* Dr. Johnson died on the 13th December, 1784. These lines were forwarded by Cowper to Unwin in a letter dated the 15th of the following month. "The death of Dr. Johnson has set a thousand scribblers to work, and me among the rest. While I lay in bed, waiting till I could reasonably hope that the parlour might be ready of use, I invoked the Muse, and composed the following." This letter is now Additional MS. Brit. Mus. 24,155, fol. 95.

Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last—alone worth all the rest.
O man immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies!

ON THE AUTHOR OF LETTERS ON LITERATURE.*

THE genius of the Augustan age
His head among Rome's ruins reared,
And bursting with heroic rage,
When literary Heron appeared,

Thou hast, he cried, like him of old
Who set the Ephesian dome on fire,
By being scandalously bold,
Attained the mark of thy desire;

And for traducing Virgil's name
Shall share his merited reward;
A perpetuity of fame,
That rots, and stinks, and is abhorred.

* Nominally by Robert Heron, but written by John Pinkerton. 8vo. 1785. Cowper's lines were printed in his Private Correspondence, 1824, vol. II. p. 41.

TO MISS CREUZÉ, ON HER BIRTHDAY.*

HOW many between east and west
Disgrace their parent earth,
Whose deeds constrain us to detest
The day that gave them birth!

Not so when Stella's natal morn
Revolving months restore,
We can rejoice that she was born,
And wish her born once more!

* Unwin applied to Cowper to write him some lines which he might send to Miss Creuzé on her birthday. He wrote those which are here printed. "I have endeavoured," he remarks, in the letter in which he forwarded them, "to comply with your request, though I am not good at writing upon a given subject. Your mother, however, comforts me by her approbation, and I steer myself, in all that I produce, by her judgment. . . . . She is my lord chamberlain, who licences all I write."—Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 359; but the letter itself is now Additl. MS. Brit. Mus. 24,155 fol. 134a.

LINES COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH, BY HIS NEPHEW WILLIAM OF WESTON.*

FAREWELL! endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!
In prime of life, for sprightliness enrolled
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;

In life's last stage, (O blessing rarely found!)
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crowned;
Through every period of this changeful state
Unchanged thyself—wise, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter, and lest this should seem
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppressed,
Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest.

June, 1788.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 228.

SWEET MEAT, HAS SOUR SAUCE;

OR, THE SLAVE TRADER IN THE DUMPS.*

TRADER I am to the African shore,
But since that my trading is like to be o'er,
I'll sing you a song that you ne'er heard before,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

When I first heard the news it gave me a shock,
Much like what they call an electrical knock,
And now I am going to sell off my stock,
Which nobody, &c.

'Tis a curious assortment of dainty regales
To tickle the negroes with when the ship sails,
Fine chains for the neck, and a cat with nine tails,
Which nobody, &c.

Here's supple-jack plenty, and store of rattan,
That will wind itself round the sides of a man,
As close as a hoop round a bucket or can,
Which nobody, &c.

* First printed by Southey (vol. II. p. 369), from Cowper's manuscript, communicated to him by Mr. Joseph Fletcher, jun., whose father received it as a relic from Cowper's friend, Bull.

Here's padlocks and bolts, and screws for the thumbs,
That squeeze them so lovingly till the blood comes,
They sweeten the temper like comfits or plums,
Which nobody, &c.

When a negro his head from his victuals withdraws,
And clenches his teeth and thrusts out his paws,
Here's a notable engine to open his jaws,
Which nobody, &c.

Thus going to market, we kindly prepare
A pretty black cargo of African ware,
For what they must meet with when they get there,
Which nobody, &c.

'Twould do your heart good to see 'em below,
Lie flat on their backs all the way as we go,
Like sprats on a gridiron, scores in a row,
Which nobody, &c.

But, ah! if in vain I have studied an art
So gainful to me, all boasting apart,
I think it will break my compassionate heart,
Which nobody, &c.

For oh, how it enters my soul like an awl!
This pity, which some people self-pity call,
Is sure the most heart-piercing pity of all,
Which nobody, &c.

So this is my song, as I told you before;
Come buy off my stock, for I must no more
Carry Cæsars and Pompeys to Sugar-cane shore,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.*

MUSE—hide his name of whom I sing,
Lest his surviving house thou bring
For his sake into scorn,
Nor speak the school from which he drew
The much or little that he knew,
Nor place where he was born.

That such a man once was, may seem
Worthy of record (if the theme
Perchance may credit win)
For proof to man what man may prove,
If grace depart, and demons move
The source of guilt within.

* Written on reading the following article in the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1789, p. 374.—"At Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq., a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality; but if he had his foibles, he had his merits also, that far outweighed them. Mr. A. was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. A. that he seized a poker, and with the most furious

This man (for since the howling wild
Disclaims him, man he must be styled)
Wanted no good below,
Gentle he was, if gentle birth
Could make him such, and he had worth,
If wealth can worth bestow.

In social talk and ready jest
He shone superior at the feast,
And qualities of mind,
Illustrious in the eyes of those
Whose gay society he chose,
Possessed of every kind.

Methinks I see him powdered red,
With bushy locks his well dressed head
Winged broad on either side,
The mossy rosebud not so sweet;
His steeds superb, his carriage neat,
As luxury could provide.

vehemence declared that he would kill the first man who interposed; but in the midst of his passionate assèverations he fell down dead on the spot. Such, we are assured, were the circumstances which attended the death of this great pillar of humanity." It should be added that in the succeeding number of the Gentleman's Magazine, p. 465, this story was contradicted. The death of the wretched man was stated to have been occasioned by a violent fever brought on by hard drinking, and the readers of the Magazine were informed that the anecdote of the cock was "only so far true as that some years ago, in the rage of disappointment, he tossed an unsuccessful bird on the fire, whence it escaped "by its natural unconfined agility." The lines were printed by Dr. John Johnson in his vol. III. of the Poems, 8vo. p. 119; 12mo. p. 85.

Can such be cruel? Such can be
Cruel as hell, and so was he;
A tyrant entertained
With barbarous sports, whose fell delight
Was to encourage mortal fight
'Twixt birds to battle trained.

One feathered champion he possessed,
His darling far beyond the rest,
Which never knew disgrace,
Nor e'er had fought but he made flow
The lifeblood of his fiercest foe,
The Cæsar of his race.

It chanced at last, when on a day,
He pushed him to the desperate fray,
His courage drooped, he fled.
The master stormed, the prize was lost,
And, instant, frantic at the cost,
He doomed his favourite dead.

He seized him fast, and from the pit,
Flew to the kitchen, snatched the spit,
And, "Bring me cord!" he cried;
The cord was brought, and, at his word,
To that dire implement the bird,
Alive and struggling, tied.

The horrid sequel asks a veil;
And all the horrors of the tale
That can be shall be sunk—
Led by the sufferer's screams aright
His shocked companions view the sight,
And him with fury drunk.

All, suppliant, beg a milder fate
For the old warrior at the grate:
He, deaf to Pity's call,
Whirled round him rapid as a wheel
His culinary club of steel,
Death menacing on all.

But Vengeance hung not far remote,
For while he stretched his clamorous throat,
And heaven and earth defied,
Big with a curse too closely pent,
That struggled vainly for a vent,
He tottered, reeled, and died.

'Tis not for us with rash surmise,
To point the judgment of the skies;
But judgments plain as this,
That, sent for man's instruction, bring
A written label on their wing,
'Tis hard to read amiss.

LINES, AFTER THE MANNER OF HOMER, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE OPENING OF A HAMPER.*

THE straw-stuffed hamper with his ruthless steel
He opened, cutting sheer the inserted cords
Which bound the lid and lip secure. Forth came
The rustling package first, bright straw of wheat,
Or oats, or barley; next a bottle green
Throat-full, clear spirits the contents, distilled
Drop after drop odorous, by the art
Of the fair mother of his friend—the Rose.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 338; in a letter to Rose dated 11th September, 1789.

ON THE BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY FROM SEA-BATHING IN THE YEAR 1789.*

SOVEREIGN of an isle renowned
For undisputed sway,
Wherever o'er yon gulph profound
Her navies wing their way,

With juster claim she builds at length
Her empire on the sea,
And well may boast the waves her strength
Which strength restored to thee!

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 124; 12mo. p. 88.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE,

"AD LIBRUM SUUM."*

MARIA, could Horace have guessed
What honour awaited his ode
To his own little volume addressed,
The honour which you have bestowed;
Who have traced it in characters here,
So elegant, even, and neat,
He had laughed at the critical sneer
Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And, "Sneer, if you please," he had said,
"Hereafter a nymph shall arise
"Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
"The glory your malice denies;
"Shall dignity give to my lay,
"Although but a mere bagatelle;
"And even a poet shall say,
"Nothing ever was written so well."

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 346. The occasion and date of this composition are thus given in Cowper's letter to Lady Hesketh, of 9th February, 1790, "You must know that two odes composed by Horace, have lately been discovered at Rome; I wanted them transcribed into the blank leaves of a little Horace of mine, and Mrs. Throckmorton performed that service for me; in a blank leaf therefore of the same book," he concludes, "I wrote the above lines."

INSCRIPTION FOR A STONE ERECTED

AT THE SOWING OF A GROVE OF OAKS AT CHILLINGTON, THE SEAT OF THOMAS GIFFORD, ESQ. 1790.*

THER stones the era tell
When some feeble mortal fell;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of earth.
Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost—these oaks or I?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay,
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.
Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
Wanting these, however fast
Man be fixed and formed to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

Anno 1790.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 295. This and the following inscription are mentioned by Cowper as lately "made," in a letter to Lady Hesketh, 17th June, 1790.

ANOTHER,

FOR A STONE ERECTED ON A SIMILAR OCCASION AT THE SAME PLACE IN THE FOLLOWING YEAR.*

READER! behold a monument
That asks no sigh or tear,
Though it perpetuate the event
Of a great burial here.

Anno 1791.

TO MRS. KING,

ON HER KIND PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR, OF A PATCHWORK COUNTERPANE OF HER OWN MAKING.†

THE bard, if e'er he feel at all,
Must sure be quickened by a call
Both on his heart and head,
To pay with tuneful thanks the care
And kindness of a lady fair,
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,
On Ida's barren top sublime,

* Hayley, 1806, Supplement to 4to. ed. 1803, p. 32. See the note to the preceding lines.

† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 265. The verses are mentioned in a letter to Mrs. King, of the 5th October, 1790.

(As Homer's epic shows)
Composed of sweetest vernal flowers,
Without the aid of sun or showers,
For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,
Is that which in the scorching day
Receives the weary swain,
Who, laying his long scythe aside,
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,
Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see!
Looms numberless have groaned for me!
Should every maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havoc would ensue!
This bright display of every hue
All in a moment fled!
As if a storm should strip the bowers
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flowers—
Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks then to every gentle fair
Who will not come to peck me bare
As bird of borrowed feather,
And thanks to one above them all,
The gentle fair of Pertenhall,
Who put the whole together.

August, 1790.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPIGRAM OF HOMER.*

PAY me my price, potters! and I will sing.
Attend, O Pallas! and with lifted arm
Protect their oven; let the cups and all
The sacred vessels blacken well, and baked
With good success, yield them both fair renown
And profit, whether in the market sold
Or streets, and let no strife ensue between us.
But, O ye potters! if with shameless front
Ye falsify your promise, then I leave
No mischief uninvoked to avenge the wrong.
Come, Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabactes, come,
And Asbetus, nor let your direst dread,
Omodamus, delay! Fire seize your house,
May neither house nor vestibule escape,
May ye lament to see confusion mar

* No title is prefixed to this piece, but it appears to be a translation of one of the Ἐπιγράμματα of Homer called Ὁ Κάμινος, or the Furnace. Herodotus, or whoever was the Author of the Life of Homer ascribed to him, observes, "Certain potters, while they were busied in baking their ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having heard much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him a present of their commodity and of such other things as they could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as follows." The lines were first printed by Dr. John Johnson, in his third volume of the Collected Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 144; 12mo. p. 103.

And mingle the whole labour of your hands,
And may a sound fill all your oven, such
As of a horse grinding his provender,
While all your pots and flagons bounce within.
Come hither also, daughter of the sun,
Circe the sorceress, and with thy drugs
Poison themselves, and all that they have made!
Come also, Chiron, with thy numerous troop
Of Centaurs, as well those who died beneath
The club of Hercules, as who escaped,
And stamp their crockery to dust; down fall
Their chimney; let them see it with their eyes,
And howl to see the ruin of their art,
While I rejoice; and if a potter stoop
To peep into his furnace, may the fire
Flash in his face and scorch it, that all men
Observe, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

Oct. 1790.

STANZAS

ON THE LATE INDECENT LIBERTIES TAKEN WITH THE REMAINS OF MILTON.* ANNO 1790.

"ME too, perchance, in future days,
" The sculptured stone shall show,
" With Paphian myrtle, or with bays
" Parnassian, on my brow.

* The bones of Milton, who lies buried in Cripplegate church, were disinterred; a pamphlet by Le Neve was published at the time, giving an account of what appeared on opening his coffin. Cowper's lines were printed by Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 296.

" But I, or ere that season come,
" Escaped from every care,
" Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
" And sleep securely there."*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful bard, ere long
Ordained to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblessed
Of wretches who have dared profane
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones†
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp the bones
And steal his dust away!

O ill requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead.

August, 1790.

* Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Milton in Manso.

† Cowper, no doubt, had in his memory the lines on Shakespeare's tomb:—

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

EPIGRAM

ON THE REFUSAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD TO SUBSCRIBE TO HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER.*

OULD Homer come himself, distressed and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedycina's † door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim, I fear,
"Begone! No tramper gets a farthing here."

EPITAPH

ON MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.‡

AURELS may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they who win the world to come:
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veiled from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, MARY, now are thine.

1791.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. I. p. 401. Sent in a letter to Mrs. Throgmorton, dated 1st April, 1791.

† Rhedycina, a Latinized form of the British name, or of a Welsh translation, of Oxford.

‡ Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 294.

A RIDDLE.*

I AM just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. III. p. 46. The riddle was also published in the Gentleman's Magazine vol. LXXVI. p. 1122, and was answered in the same volume of the magazine, p. 1224, as follows:—

"A riddle by Cowper
Made me swear like a trooper;
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For, remembering the bliss
Of beauty's soft Kiss,
I now long for such riddles again.

"J. T."

We reprint this answer principally to controvert the idea which has lately been promulgated that it was written by Cowper himself, and therefore that there is his own authority for pronouncing his name so that it should rhyme with "trooper." It is very probable that he pronounced it so, but we do not know any authority for saying so.

LINES

ON A BLUNDER IN HIS TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.*

COWPER had sinned with some excuse,
If, bound in rhyming tethers,
He had committed this abuse
Of changing ewes for wethers;

But male for female is a trope,
Or rather bold misnomer,
That would have startled even Pope,
When he translated Homer.

EPITAPH ON A FREE BUT TAME REDBREAST,

A FAVOURITE OF MISS SALLY HURDIS.†

THESE are not dewdrops, these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed,
For absent Robin, who she fears,
With too much cause, is dead.

* "I have heard about my wether mutton from various quarters. . . . It was a blunder hardly pardonable in a man who has lived amid fields and meadows, grazed by sheep, almost these thirty years. I have accordingly satirized myself in two stanzas which I composed last night, while I lay awake, tormented with pain, and well dosed with laudanum. If you find them not very brilliant, therefore, you will know how to account for it."—*Letter to Joseph Hill, Esq. dated April 15th*, 1792. Private Correspondence, II. 292.

† Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 287; 12mo. p. 210.

One morn he came not to her hand
As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perched, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarmed, she called him, and perplexed
She sought him, but in vain—
That day he came not, nor the next,
Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,
Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom,
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
Nor spiritlessly tame;
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
But always in a flame.

March, 1792.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.*

HAYLEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown
In our first interview, delightful guest!
To Mary, and me for her dear sake distressed,
Such as it is has made my heart thy own,
Though heedless now of new engagements grown;
For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
And I had purposed ne'er to go in quest
Of friendship more, except with God alone.
But thou hast won me; nor is God my foe,
Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
Sent thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,
My brother, by whose sympathy I know
Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
Not more to admire the bard than love the man.

June 2, 1792.

EPITAPH

ON A POINTER OF SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON.†

HERE lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 292; 12mo. p. 214.

† Ibid. 8vo. p. 295; 12mo. p. 216.

Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed;
At his signified desire
Would advance, present, and fire—
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him!
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

1792.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.*

WHENCE is it that, amazed, I hear
From yonder withered spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 25. Cowper wrote to Dr. John Johnson, on the 11th March, 1792:—"You talk of primroses that you pulled on Candlemas day; but what think you of me, who heard a nightingale on New Year's day? Perhaps I am the only man in England who can boast of such good fortune."

And why, since thousands would be proud
  Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd
  To witness it alone?

Singest thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
  For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
  Though not like thee, in song?

Or singest thou, rather, under force
  Of some divine command,
Commissioned to presage a course
  Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
  And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song
  Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
  Who only need'st to sing
To make e'en January charm,
  And every season spring.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

OF MISS PATTY MORE, SISTER OF HANNAH MORE.*

IN vain to live from age to age
While modern bards endeavour,
I write my name in Patty's page,
And gain my point for ever.

W. COWPER.

March 6, 1792.

LINES ON A LATE THEFT.†

SWEET nymph, who art, it seems, accused
Of stealing George's pen,
Use it thyself, and having used,
E'en give it him again:

The plume of his that has one scrap
Of thy good sense expressed,
Will be a feather in his cap
Worth more than all his *crest*.

* Dr. J. Johnson's vol. iii. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 287; 12mo. p. 209.

† Contained in a letter to Mrs. King, dated 8th March, 1792. Who the "nymph," or who the "George," is not revealed. Was the "theft" a loyal petty larceny from a prince whose crest was a plume of feathers?

SONNET

TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.*

HY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee, by cruel men and impious, called
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthralled
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wronged, the fetter-galled,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain!

Thou hast achieved a part; hast gained the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and, though cold caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near
That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.

Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

April 16, 1792.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 37. The lines were first published in a Northampton newspaper; see letter to Lady Throckmorton, 16th April, 1792.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

BY AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW OF HIS AT WESTMINSTER.*

HASTINGS! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
While young, humane, conversable, and kind,
Nor can I well believe thee, gentle then,
Now grown a villain, and the worst of men;
But rather some suspect, who have oppressed
And worried thee, as not themselves the best.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 40. The lines were inclosed to Lady Hesketh, on the 5th May, 1792, that she might send them to her newsmonger for insertion in a newspaper. "I much wish," he remarked, "to print the following Lines in one of the daily papers. Lord S's vindication of the poor culprit in the affair of Cheit-sing has confirmed me in the belief that he has been injuriously treated, and I think it an act merely of justice to take a little notice of him."

EPIGRAM.

PRINTED IN THE NORTHAMPTON MERCURY.*

TO purify their wine some people bleed
A lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
To make fine sugar as a negro's blood.
Now lambs and negroes both are harmless things,
And thence perhaps this wondrous virtue springs,
'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

TO DR. AUSTIN, OF CECIL STREET, LONDON.†

AUSTIN! accept a grateful verse from me—
The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee!
Loved by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind
Pleasing requital in a‡ verse may find;
Verse oft has dashed the scythe of Time aside,
Immortalizing names which else had died:

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Cowper's Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 290; 12mo. p. 212.
† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 49.
‡ Hayley reads "a," Dr. John Johnson, "my."

And Oh! could I command the glittering wealth
With which sick kings are glad to purchase health,
Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,
Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
I would not recompense his art with less,
Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.
Friend of my friend; * I love thee though unknown,
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

May 26, 1792.

CATHARINA: †

THE SECOND PART: ON HER MARRIAGE TO GEORGE COURTENAY, ESQ.

BELIEVE it or not, as you choose,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the Muse,
And poets are oracles too.
I did but express a desire
To see Catharina at home,
At the side of my friend George's fire,
And lo—she is actually come.

* *i. e.* Hayley.

† Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 60. Cowper, writing to Hayley, on 27th June, 1792, remarks: "I have nothing to send you but a gimcrack which I have prepared for my bride and bridegroom neighbours, who are expected to-morrow. You saw in my book a poem called Catherina." See vol. II. p. 230 of this edition.

Such prophecy some may despise,
But the wish of a poet and friend
Perhaps is approved in the skies,
And therefore attains to its end.
'Twas a wish that flew ardently forth
From a bosom effectually warmed
With the talents, the graces, and worth
Of the person for whom it was formed.

Maria* would leave us, I knew,
To the grief and regret of us all,
But less to our grief, could we view
Catharina the Queen of the Hall.
And therefore I wished as I did,
And therefore this union of hands
Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
But all cry—Amen—to the bans.

Since, therefore, I seem to incur
No danger of wishing in vain
When making good wishes for her,
I will e'en *to my wishes again*—
With one I have *made her a wife,*
And now I will *try with another,*
Which I cannot *suppress for my life*—
How soon I can make her a mother.

June, 1792.

* Lady Throckmorton.

ON ABBOTT'S PORTRAIT OF HIM;

ADDRESSED TO HAYLEY.*

ABBOTT is painting me so true,
That (trust me) you would stare,
And hardly know at the first view,
If I were here or there.

July 15, 1792.

EPITAPH ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO MRS. COURTENAY, AFTERWARDS LADY THROCKMORTON.†

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim.
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase—
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
"Yes," the indignant shade of Fop replies—
"And worn with vain pursuit, man also dies."

August, 1792.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 64.

† Ibid. p. 77; inclosed in a letter to Mrs. Courtenay, dated 25th August, 1792.

SONNET TO GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

ON HIS PICTURE OF ME IN CRAYONS, DRAWN AT EARTHAM IN THE 61ST YEAR OF MY AGE, AND IN THE MONTHS OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1792.*

ROMNEY, expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvass, not the form alone,
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face,
With strokes that Time ought never to erase:
Thou hast so pencilled mine, that though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.
But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear:
Well! I am satisfied it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

October, 1792.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 95.

THANKS FOR A GIFT OF PHEASANTS.*

IN Copeman's ear this truth let Echo tell:
"Immortal bards like mortal pheasants well,"
And when his clerkship's out, I wish him herds
Of golden clients, for his golden birds.

ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.†

IN language warm as could be breathed or penned,
Thy picture speaks the original my friend,
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—
They only speak thee friend of all mankind;
Expression here more soothing still I see,
That friend of all a partial friend to me.

January, 1793.

* Occurs in a letter to Dr. Johnson, of 31st January, 1793, printed by Southey, vol. xv. p. 248.

† Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 298; 12mo. p. 219.

ON A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER,

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.*

THRIVE, gentle plant! and weave a bower
For Mary and for me,
And deck with many a splendid flower
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou camest from Eartham, and wilt shade
(If truly I divine)
Some future day the illustrious head
Of him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,
And Envy seize the Bay,
Affirming none so fit to crown
Such honoured brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
And with convincing power;
For why should not the Virgin's Friend
Be crowned with Virgin's Bower?

Spring of 1793.

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 300; 12mo. p. 220.

EPITAPH

ON MR. CHESTER OF CHICHELEY.*

TEARS flow, and cease not, where the good man lies,
Till all who knew him follow to the skies.
Tears therefore fall where CHESTER's ashes sleep;
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants, weep—
And justly—few shall ever him transcend
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

April, 1793.

TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A NETWORK PURSE, MADE BY HERSELF.†

MY gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee!
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of Love;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it;
I, therefore, as a proof of love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

May 4, 1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 294. † Ibid. p. 264.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN.*

THIS cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,
Built as it has been in our waning years,
A rest afforded to our weary feet,
Preliminary to—the last retreat.

May, 1793.

TO MRS. UNWIN.†

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings!
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 295.
† Ibid. p. 43.

On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou ownest that praise, I spare thee mine.

May, 1793.

TO JOHN JOHNSON,

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH AN ANTIQUE BUST OF HOMER.*

INSMAN beloved, and as a son, by me!
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
The sculptured form of my old favourite bard,
I reverence feel for him, and love for thee.
Joy, too, and grief! Much joy, that there should be
Wise men and learned, who grudge not to reward
With some applause my bold attempt and hard,
Which others scorn;—critics by courtesy.
The grief is this, that, sunk in Homer's mine,
I lose my precious years, now soon to fail,
Handling his gold, which, howsoe'er it shine,
Proves dross when balanced in the Christian scale.
Be wiser thou!—Like our forefather Donne,
Seek heavenly wealth, and work for God alone.

May, 1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 290.

INSCRIBED ON THE BUST OF HOMER

PRESENTED TO COWPER BY DR. JOHN JOHNSON, AND NOW IN THE WILDERNESS AT WESTON.*

Εἰκονα τις ταυτην;—κλυτον ἀνερος ὀνομ᾽ ὀλωλεν.
Ουνομα δ᾽ ουτος ἀνηρ αφθιτον αἰεν εχει.

THE sculptor?—nameless, though once dear to fame;
But This Man bears an everlasting name.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS ARRIVING AT CAMBRIDGE WET, WHEN NO RAIN HAD FALLEN THERE.†

IF Gideon's fleece, which drenched with dew he found,
While moisture none refreshed the herbs around,
Might fitly represent the church endowed
With heavenly gifts to heathens not allowed;
In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,
Thy locks were wet when other locks were dry.
Heaven grant us half the omen—may we see,
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee!

May, 1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. pp. 137, 142.

† Ibid. p. 128. Writing to Hayley on the 1st June, 1793, Cowper remarks—"I have had a letter from him [Johnny], containing an incident which has given birth to the following," and then, after copying these lines, he adds, "These are spick and span!"

TO HAYLEY,

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF GREAT HEAT.*

AH, brother Poet, send me of your shade!
And bid the Zephyrs hasten to my aid;
Or, like a worm unearthed at noon, I go,
Dispatched by sunshine, to the shades below.

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.,

IN REPLY TO HIS SOLICITATION TO UNITE WITH HIM IN A LITERARY WORK.†

DEAR architect of fine chateaux in air,
Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,
Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,
For back of royal elephant to bear!
Oh, for permission from the skies to share,
Much to my own, though little to thy good,
With thee (not subject to the jealous mood!)
A partnership of literary ware!
But I am bankrupt now; and doomed henceforth
To drudge, in descant dry, on others' lays;
Bards, I acknowledge, of unequalled worth!
But what is commentator's happiest praise?
That he has furnished lights for other eyes,
Which they who need them use, and then despise.

June 20th, 1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 135, written 7th July, 1793.
† Ibid. p. 131.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GARDEN SHED,

BUILT IN A FAR MORE EXPENSIVE WAY THAN WAS DESIGNED.*

BEWARE of building! I intended
Rough logs and thatch, and thus it ended.

EPIGRAM ON THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCE.†

INSTEAD of a pound or two, spending a mint,
Must serve me at least, I believe, with a hint,
That building and building a man may be driven
At last out of doors, and have no house to live in.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 138. "I said to my Sam: 'Sam, build me a shed in the garden, with anything that you can find, and make it rude and rough, like one of those at Eartham.' 'Yes, sir,' says Sam; and straightway laying his own noddle, and the carpenter's noddle together, has built me a thing fit for Stow Gardens."—*Letter to Hayley, 24th July*, 1793.

† Ibid. p. 140.

ANSWER

TO STANZAS ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH, BY MISS CATHERINE FANSHAWE.*

TO be remembered thus is Fame,
And in the first degree;
And did the few like her the same,
The press might rest for me.

So Homer, in the memory stored
Of many a Grecian belle,
Was once preserved—a richer hoard,
But never lodged so well.

1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 303. An unpublished poem by Cowper was lent by Lady Hesketh to Miss Fanshawe, on condition that she should neither show it, nor take a copy. On returning the poem she accompanied it with stanzas, in which she intimated that she had obeyed "the harsh command," but had committed the lines to memory. Miss Fanshawe's lines are printed by Hayley as well as the answer.

ON FLAXMAN'S PENELOPE.*

THE suitors sinned, but with a fair excuse,
Whom all this elegance might well seduce;
Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

September, 1793.

TO THE SPANISH ADMIRAL COUNT GRAVINA,

ON HIS TRANSLATING THE AUTHOR'S SONG ON A ROSE INTO ITALIAN VERSE.†

MY rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
And, steeped not now in rain,
But in Castalian streams by you,
Will never fade again.

1793.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 152. In a letter to Hayley, dated 8th September, 1793, Cowper remarked, "I am charmed with Flaxman's Penelope, and . . . will send you a few lines such as they are, with which she inspired me the other day while I was taking my noon-day walk."

† Ibid. p. 294.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MOSS HOUSE IN THE SHRUBBERY AT WESTON.*

ERE, free from riot's hated noise,
Be mine, ye calmer, purer joys,
A book or friend bestows;
Far from the storms that shake the great,
Contentment's gale shall fan my seat
And sweeten my repose.

MOTTO FOR A CLOCK.†

UÆ lenta incedit, quam velox præterit hora!
Ut capias, patiens esto, sed esto vigil.

* Grimshawe, vol. VIII. p. 36.

† These lines were written for inscription on a clock sculptured (as well as the chimney-piece upon which it stands) by Bacon for King George III. The clock and lines adorn Her Majesty's Presence Chamber in Windsor Castle. Mr. Woodward, Her Majesty's librarian, has kindly collated the inscription, and thus enabled us to correct some mistakes of former transcribers. Hayley translated the lines as follows:—

"Slow comes the hour; its passing speed how great!
Waiting to seize it—vigilantly wait."

TO MARY.*

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

* Hayley, vol. II. p. 194. Hayley considered this to be the last original work which Cowper produced at Weston.

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Autumn of 1793.

ON RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL FROM MR. HAYLEY.*

I SHOULD have deemed it once an effort vain
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,
But from that error now behold me free,
Since I received him as a gift from thee.

Oct. 1793.

* Dr. John Johnson's vol. III. of Poems, 1815, 8vo. p. 318; 12mo. p. 234.

LINES,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON A WINDOW-SHUTTER OF HIS BED-ROOM, ON THE MORNING OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM WESTON.*

ME miserable! how could I escape
Infinite wrath and infinite despair!
Whom† Death, Earth, Heaven, and Hell‡ consigned to ruin,
Whose friend was God, but God swore not to aid me!

* We have already printed (vol. i. p. cxliv) two lines which still remain on the window-shutter of the room alluded to; but there were others, although they have long disappeared, through the ignorance, it is said, of an industrious housemaid. We here give them from a book which bears date in 1803—(Corry's Life of Cowper, 12mo. Lond. p. 31), when the lines were still legible. As in the instance of the awful sapphics (p. 340), the poor lunatic had the misapplied words of Francis Davison ringing in his ears, so in this case, he was led on by the equally misapplied exclamation of the leader of the fallen angels in Milton's Paradise Lost, book iv, lines 73, 74.

† "When," in Corry, as above.

‡ "All," in Corry.

MONTES GLACIALES IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.*

EN, quæ prodigia, ex oris allata remotis,
Oras adveniunt pavefacta per æquora nostras!
Non equidem priscæ sæclum rediisse videtur
Pyrrhæ, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes
Et sylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora
Adsunt, evulsi quando radicitùs alti
In mare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant.
Quid verò hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu?
Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro
Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,
Baccâ cæruleâ, et flammas imitante pyropo.
Ex oriente adsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus
Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu
Ingenti finxêre sibi diademata reges?
Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos
Mercatorum oculos: prius et quàm littora Gangis
Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.
Ortos unde putemus? An illos Ves'vius atrox
Protulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna?
Luce micant propriâ, Phœbive, per aëra purum
Nunc stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent?
Phœbi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis
Appulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 381.

Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre est
Multâ onerata nive et canis conspersa pruinis.
Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma ferè omnes
Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo
Clivorum fluerunt in littora prona, solutæ
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,
Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese
Mirum cœpit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum
In glaciem aggestâ sublimes vertice tandem
Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.
Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,
Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,
Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum
Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,
Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam studiosa natandi,
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,
Insula, in Ægæo fluitâsse erratica ponto.
Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum sterilemque.
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam
Deciduâ lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.
At vos, errones horrendi, et caligine digni
Cimmeriâ, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri
Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum!
Ite! Redite! Timete moras; ni lenitèr austro
Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas
Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti!

March 11, 1799.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING;

ON THE ICE ISLANDS SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.*

WHAT portents, from what distant region, ride,
Unseen till now in ours, the astonished tide?
In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
Of sea calves, sought the mountains and the groves.
But now, descending whence of late they stood,
Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood.
Dire times were they, full charged with human woes;
And these, scarce less calamitous than those.
What view we now? More wondrous still! Behold!
Like burnished brass they shine, or beaten gold;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.
Come they from India, where the burning earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found?
No. Never such a countless, dazzling store
Had left unseen the Ganges' peopled shore.

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 383.

Rapacious hands, and ever watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have marked and seized the prize.
Whence sprang they then? Ejected have they come
From Ves'vius or from Etna's burning womb?
Thus shine they self-illumed, or but display
The borrowed splendours of a cloudless day?
With borrowed beams they shine. The gales that breathe
Now landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have borne them nearer; and the nearer sight,
Advantaged more, contemplates them aright.
Their lofty summits, crested high, they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow.
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Bleak Winter well nigh saddens all the year,
Their infant growth began. He bade arise
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.
Oft as dissolved by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below;
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
The current ere it reached the boundless waste.
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
And long successive ages rolled the while;
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claimed to stand,
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
Thus stood, and, unremovable by skill
Or force of man, had stood the structure still,
But that, though firmly fixed, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,
It left the shelving beach—and, with a sound
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,
Self-launched, and swiftly, to the briny wave,

As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
Down went the ponderous mass. So bards of old
How Delos swam the Ægean deep have told.
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore
Herb, fruit, and flower. She, crowned with laurel, wore,
E'en under wintry skies, a summer smile;
And Delos was Apollo's favourite isle.
But, horrid wanderers of the deep! to you
He deems Cimmerian darkness only due.
Your hated birth he deigned not to survey,
But, scornful, turned his glorious eyes away.
Hence! seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air;
Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost!

March 19, 1799.

THE CASTAWAY.*

BSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No bráver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away:
But waged with Death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,

* Hayley, 1803, vol. II. p. 214. Hayley deemed this to be "the last original publication from the pen of Cowper," and assigned it to the 20th March, 1799. It was founded on an anecdote related in the Narrative of Anson's Voyage, a book into which Cowper had not looked "for many years."

But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow:
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them:
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated "Help!" or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,

That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone:
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

March 20th, 1799.

FINIS.

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